Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its **one hundred and forty-sixth year.** It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of **forty-eight columns** filled with interesting reading—editorial, literary and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Newport's Voters.

The ward lists of the City of Newport are now being prepared by City Clerk Stevens for the first meeting of the board of canvassers which occurs next Tuesday. There are more names on the lists than ever before, the grand total for the whole city numbering 5589 names. This year the lists are divided into three divisions: real estate, personal property and registry voters; so that it can be seen at a glance to what class each voter belongs. The names on each list are divided as follows:

Wards	R. E.	Personal	Registry	Total
1	263	373	399	1,035
2	478	372	384	1,234
3	290	401	432	1,123
4	294	501	332	1,127
5	407	355	308	1,070
Total,	1,732	2,002	1,855	5,589

It will be seen from the above figures that the second ward is very much the largest ward in the city. There are some duplicates on these lists, especially in the fourth ward, of men that have registered and at the same time been put on the personal property list. If, previous to the final canvass, the taxes of all these parties are paid then they will come off the registry list. If they are not paid the names are stricken from the personal roll and will remain on the registry list. The total number in the whole city is 5,589.

It will be observed that the fourth ward has by far the largest list of personal property taxpayers. This is accounted for from the fact that the Democratic leaders had placed on the tax list one hundred and sixteen names in that ward for political purposes.

Labor Day.

Next Monday will be Labor Day and it will be quite generally observed in this city. The various labor organizations are making preparations for a big observance, the chief of which will be the street parade in the morning. All the labor unions in the city will participate, and all will have full ranks as a fine of two dollars will be imposed on each member who fails to report for the parade.

Most of the stores and places of business will be closed during the day and the observance of the day will be quite general. All banks and public offices will be closed. A number of outings and picnics have been arranged for and there will be many excursions come in here. If the weather is favorable there should be a large number of visitors in town.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., had arranged for a Ladies' Day and excursion to Narragansett Pier but it was found that so many members would be unable to attend that the project was abandoned.

Collecting the Taxes.

Tax Collector Higbee is making good progress on the collection of the taxes for 1903 and is considerably ahead of the same date on last year's bill. At the close of business on Thursday, September 3, 1903, the amount collected was $455,659, leaving the amount due $43,734.60, the tax bill for 1903 amounting to $504,393.60. Last year the tax bill was much smaller than this, being only $475,906.74, and on September 3 of that year the amount collected was only $407,631.33, leaving a balance of $68,365.41, nearly $20,000 more last year when the total tax was even smaller. The last day for paying the taxes of 1903 without a penalty expired on Monday last and now all taxes unpaid are accumulating a penalty at the rate of one per cent a month.

The tax collector is preparing to sell a number of pieces of property for unpaid taxes of previous years.

The public schools will open for the fall term on Tuesday next.

Old Colony Shops.

New and Splendid Equipment.

The Old Colony repair shops, which have been undergoing an entire reconstruction, are now nearly completed. In the yard as it now stands are five buildings. On the right of the Washington street gate are, first, the boiler house and then the machine shop. Beside the boiler house stands the store house, and further down, the office building. Still further to the left is the blacksmiths' shop. All the buildings, with the exception of the rear half of the office, are of brick.

The boiler house is partly reconstructed from one of the old buildings, although not much is left of the original besides the walls and foundations. There is a battery of three Kendall fire tube boilers, each rated at one hundred horse power. Besides the boilers is a secondary feed water heater and the main jet condenser. Vacuum is maintained in both by a Deane pump. Power is supplied to the electric motors which run the machinery in all the shops from four General Electric direct current dynamos. Two machines of about thirty horse power each are mounted on the same shaft as the engine driving them, which is an Ideal automatic single expansion engine. The other two machines of larger capacity, are connected in a similar manner to a high speed Ideal engine. The switchboard, which is a very fine example of the General Electric Company's standard type, consists of four panels, one for each dynamo, and four distributing panels. The main panels are so arranged that the machines can be run separately, or each two together feeding into a three wire system. The main station meters are placed on an arm so arranged as to be in sight from in front of the whole board.

In the machine shop the floor is divided into four sections, all the machines in each section being run from a main shaft driven by a General Electric direct current motor. Among the new machines is a plain radial drill which has a great many ingenious attachments. In the gallery above the machine floor are the buffing room, the polishing room, and the room for electrical fittings. There is a great deal of this work required for the passenger steamers, each being fitted throughout with electric bells, lights and alarms. In this gallery is a milling machine which they say will do about anything that a machinist will ever think of. At the lower end of the building are the carpenter and joiner shops and in a small room is the tinsmiths' apparatus.

The store house consists of a three story building in the center of the yard. On the first floor are the general stores, the bolts, nuts, screws, and also the iron and steel stock. The second floor has the upholstery, and the third the furniture.

The blacksmith's shop, contrary to the general run of blacksmith's shops, is large, airy and well lighted. The forges are all operated by a system of exhaust draft built by the Buffalo Forge Company. The system consists of a blower and an exhaust fan, both operated by a 30 horse power General Electric motor. The most interesting here is the steam hammer built by the Chamberlain Steam Hammer Company. The blacksmith's shop occupies one half of this building, and the other half contains the boiler shops. The equipment of the boiler shops consists first of two rolls, one large and one smaller. The large rolls have capacity enough for the large bucket plates that fit on the paddle wheels of the great steamers. These buckets are made of one inch steel 14 feet x 4 feet. The shop also contains one vertical and two horizontal punches, a shearing press and some smaller machines.

Out in the yard much of the interesting work is done. There is a little drill there that to look at one would think unable to handle anything except minor jobs. This little machine, however, has just completed a piece of work in which it drilled with an inch and a half bit 90 inches of steel in nine hours continuously, and once in a trial run it completed 12 inches in 40 minutes.

Some of the work done out there in the yard as a matter of every day occurrence seems almost incredible. They have just taken out of the side wheeled steamer Rhode Island her main shaft, 28 feet long and 21 inches in diameter at the journals. There was practically no clearance to work in and the only power used was the little engine that runs the shears. The Scientific American of a short time ago had a long account of the removing of a thirteen inch gun from its turret with only a few inches clearance. Here we have a shaft of about the same diameter removed without any clearance, and they are doing this thing right along.

The work now going on is a general overhauling of the Rhode Island together with the placing of a new shaft, and a general overhauling of the Brockton. When these boats are finished they will take their places on the line and others will come in to be fixed up. There is always work for this yard, whether the times are good or bad, and the difference is noticed only by a little increase in the haste with which the work is moved.

Miss May Goelet Engaged.

Rumors of an engagement between Miss May Goelet, the only daughter of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and the Duke of Roxburghe have been in circulation almost continuously since the young people's arrival from Europe some weeks since, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, but not until this week has the rumor been confirmed. On Thursday announcement was made of the engagement by the mother of the Duke and a cable was received from London confirming the engagement and congratulations were rapidly despatched to the home of Miss Goelet from all parts of the country.

The young people have been acquainted for several years, and it is said to be a purely love match, full of romance.

Miss Goelet is a very vivacious and attractive young woman and is a great favorite with both sexes in the social world. She has spent much of her life abroad.

Miss Goelet is an heiress to a large fortune and has rejected many suitors. Her charming personalities have made her very popular and much sought after. One of her early suitors was the young Duke of Manchester, who afterward married Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati. She has been reported engaged at various times to Princes Henry of Orleans and Henry of Teck, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Capt. Oswald Ames, said to be the handsomest man in the English army; Paul Deschanel of Paris, Viscount Inglestre, Craig Wadsworth, and James DeWolfe Cutting of this city. She has never shown any marked preference for any of her suitors, however, until the advent of the Duke of Roxburghe. At one time it was rumored that Prince Hugo von Hohenlohe of Germany made a formal offer of his hand and title to Miss Goelet, through her mother.

Miss Goelet did not accompany her mother to this country in July, but joined Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in a northern cruise on their yacht, the North Star, and came to New York with Mrs. Vanderbilt, arriving here on Aug. 15. In the party on the yacht cruise were Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies and a few other American friends.

Miss Goelet, who is particularly fond of her aunt, Mrs. Vanderbilt, who was Grace Wilson, was of Mr. Vanderbilt's party when it visited Kiel, and she shared in the extraordinary courtesies shown it by the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry.

The duke is about 27 years of age and has a pleasing appearance. He has served with credit in the British army. During the war with the Boers in South Africa he was a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards and later a captain in the Blues. He was reported to have been a brave fighter, and on one occasion to have gone back in face of shot and shell to rescue a private of his command.

The wedding will probably take place in New York during the winter.

Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Homer Sweet observed the fourth anniversary of their marriage at their home on Spring street Tuesday evening, the occasion proving a very pleasant one. Friends called during the evening to offer congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Sweet.

Whist was played for a while, followed by a collation and a jolly time.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has issued invitations to a reception to the State Regent, Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, in the Senate chamber of the old State House on Thursday afternoon, September 10th, from three to five o'clock. A delightful occasion is anticipated. The old State House will be decorated for the occasion with flowers and patriotic colors. A collation will be served by Bussell and there will be music by the Harry K. Howard orchestra. All the chapters of the organization in the State will be represented by their officers and other members.

The Republican State Central Committee had a meeting and banquet at Field's Point Thursday. At that time it was voted to call the State Convention to nominate candidates for Governor and other State officers on Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 11 a. m., in Infantry Hall, Providence. The nominations for Senator and Representatives in the various towns and cities are to be made not later than Monday, Oct. 12. The State Central Committee has opened headquarters in Butler's Exchange, Providence.

City Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening. In the absence of Mayor Boyle President Hamilton presided over the board of aldermen. Considerable business of importance was considered, some of which was left for a subsequent meeting for final action. The announcement was made that the entire tax receipts of the city had already been exhausted and that some means would have to be devised to meet current expenses.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Asylum,	$455.89
Books, Stationery and Printing,	120.23
Fire Department,	656.69
Board of Health,	941.25
Incidentals,	196.45
Lighting Streets,	2,747.07
Ward Meetings,	998.00
Burial Grounds,	98.75
Dog Fund,	68.00
Water Supply,	2,072.00
Emergency Hospital,	3.00
Touro Jews' Synagogue Fund,	66.40
Indexing and Preserving Records,	74.20
Poor Department,	235.80
Police,	138.56
Public Buildings,	492.88
Public Parks,	929.58
Public Schools,	10,012.71
Streets and Highways,	5,298.80
	$25,627.19

The committee on streets and highways reported, recommending that Van Zandt avenue be curbed on the south side, between Vicksburg place and Tilley avenue, and that the city treasurer be authorized to transfer the unexpended balance of the bituminous-macadam pavement fund, less $500, to the appropriation for streets and highways, to be used for improving Chapel place and vicinity in accordance with the resolution of the city council passed August 4. The report was received and the accompanying resolutions were passed.

A steel filing case was ordered purchased for the highway department at a cost of $171. A change in the location of the whistle for the fire alarm at the illuminating station was ordered at a cost of $250. The sum of $100 was accepted for the care of the H. P. Williams lot in the Old Cemetery.

The finance committee recommended that the city treasurer be authorized to hire money from time to time as needed, on non-negotiable certificates, to be paid February 1, 1904, to pay current monthly expenses and other charges against the city. Alderman Bliss explained that the city had been called upon to pay notes against the city and that the tax receipts would not be sufficient to meet current expenses. The resolution was passed.

On recommendation of the committee on ordinances, an ordinance was passed fixing a penalty not exceeding $20 for each offense for refusing to pay fares established by ordinances of the city; also an ordinance forbidding anyone to affix any sign to any pole supporting electric wires, or use the poles for any purpose other than that of carrying wires.

On recommendation of the committee on street lights a resolution was passed directing that two street lights be placed on Lawrence avenue. On recommendation of the tax collector, he was authorized to sell, for unpaid taxes, real estate of William F. Wilbor, Nebraska and Nevada B. Tilley, Job Townsend's heirs, Patience M. Phillips, deceased, and James Ryan's heirs.

The street railway matter was brought up by the introduction of a resolution approving that section of the track of the Newport & Providence Company which has already been laid. The resolution was amended to read that the tracks already laid might be used as soon as the tracks are completed to the One Mile corner, and was then passed.

A resolution was passed appointing a special committee of three to look into the question of constructing a tunnel to drain the Kay street section of the city, and to secure plans and estimates for the same. The committee consists of Alderman Shepley, Councilmen Rogers and McLennan.

A resolution was passed to pay Mrs. Matilda Rapp the sum of $1000 in full compensation for injuries received by falling on a sidewalk.

The Broadway matter was brought up by the introduction of a resolution approving the pattern of "T" rail deposited in the city clerk's office by the Newport & Providence Railroad Company on September 1, 1903. The resolution was passed by the board of aldermen but when it reached the common council some of the members wanted to investigate. It was believed by the members that the original rail, as approved by the council, was a grooved rail. After some discussion it was voted to lay the resolution on the table.

A resolution was passed fixing the time for collecting the poll taxes from October 1 to 31 inclusive. A resolution was passed directing the city solicitor to notify the Newport & Providence Company to conform to its franchise in regard to hiring Newport labor in building its roads.

A petition from residents on Washington street in regard to the filthy condition of that part of the harbor, due to a leak in the sewer, was referred to the committee on streets and highways with power to act. Other petitions, for street lights, highway improvements, etc., were referred to the proper committees.

The board of aldermen approved claims of $91.80 for damages by dogs and this amount was ordered paid from the dog fund.

Wedding Bells.

Thayer-Brooks.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Baldwin Brooks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, to Mr. Eugene Van Rensselaer Thayer, Jr., of Boston, took place at Trinity Church at noon Thursday. The church was crowded with the wealth and fashion of society and was most artistically decorated.

The bride wore a Parisian gown of white satin, with trimmings of lace and chiffon. Her veil was of old lace, a family heirloom. Her only ornament was a diamond crescent, the gift of the groom. She carried a shower bouquet of white orchids. The bridesmaids were Misses Constance Livermore, Fannie Iselin, Adelaide Randolph, Marian Fish, Anna Thayer, and Katherine Thayer. They wore dresses of white mousseline de soie over white taffeta. They wore large white hats with ostrich plumes. Their bouquets were of pale pink roses. Mr. James Jackson of Boston performed the duties of best man. The ushers were Messrs. Reginald Brooks, Philip Livermore, Delancey Jay, Hugh Minturn, Reginald Boardman, George P. Snow, Charles E. Perkins, T. Douglas Robinson, Gordon Fairchild, and John L. Saltonstall. Rev. E. J. Dennen, assistant rector of Trinity Church, performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Sherward Billings of Groton School.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed at "Rockhurst," the residence of the bride's parents.

The wedding gifts were most beautiful and costly.

Mr. and Mrs. Thayer left in the afternoon on their wedding trip.

Sherman-Tanner.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Tanner was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Sarah Catherine Tanner, was married to Mr. Harold Mason Sherman. Rev. Dr. Johnson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, officiated.

The bride wore a dress of white crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of Bride roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Margaret Tanner, sister of the bride. She wore a dress of blue organdie. The other attendants were Miss Dorothy Sanford and Master T. B. Tanner, Jr. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Frank Fullerton and the ushers were Messrs. Thomas B. Tanner, Harold R. Chase, William A. Clarke and George H. Draper. Miss Rena Wilson of Steephrook, Mass., presided at the organ, playing the wedding marches.

The wedding gifts were most numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman left later in the evening for a wedding trip.

Baxter-Sullivan.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's Church Tuesday morning, the contracting parties being Miss Elizabeth A. Sullivan, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, and Mr. William T. Baxter of Brooklyn. Rev. Father Meenan officiated. The bride was gowned in white peau de soie, with Irish lace triminings and chiffon, and wore a veil. Her bouquet was of bride roses. Miss Louise Whalen of Fall River acted as bridesmaid and wore a dress of pink and a black picture hat. She carried a bouquet of bridesmaid roses. Mr. Timothy J. Sullivan, brother of the bride, was the best man. The ushers were Messrs. James W. Sullivan, John F. Sullivan and Alfred O'Connor.

A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony at the residence of the bride's father on West Narragansett avenue, after which a reception followed which was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter left on the Fall River line boat for New York on their wedding trip.

The Newport Artillery Company will hold a rummage sale at the armory on Clarke street beginning on September 14 and continuing until sold out. The sale is for the uniform fund of the organization. The company is preparing to go to New York in October at the time of the visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London and it wants to have its dress uniforms in good condition at the time. The amount required for this purpose will be about $600 and of this amount about $300 has been raised by subscription. The dress uniforms of the company were new many years ago and are now sadly in need of renovation.

Recent Deaths.

Captain Charles E. Harris.

A despatch was forwarded from the War Department to Mrs. A. F. Harris in this city on Tuesday announcing the death of her son, Captain Charles E. Harris, at Manila on Sunday of the fever.

Newporters will recall that Mr. Harris won distinction during the Spanish-American war for his bravery while on board the fighting ship Raleigh. After the war was over he returned to Newport on a visit to his mother and later returned to the Philippines, receiving a commission as second lieutenant in the insular transport service of the War Department. By the faithful discharge of his duties he was twice promoted: first to lieutenant and then to captain and was in command of his vessel at the time of his death. Congress presented Captain Harris with a medal at the close of the war for his heroic acts. He will be buried in the Philippines.

Mr. Harris was the son of the late Colonel Frank G. Harris and spent a good part of his life in Newport, and his untimely death was received with the deepest regret by his many friends in this city.

Besides his mother, a brother, Mr. Horatio G. Wood, survives him.

James Jefferson.

Another of the old time workers for the benefit of the colored race, the second to pass away in this city within a period of a few weeks, has gone to his long rest. James Jefferson, one of the best known colored men of the state, died at his home on Broadway on Monday. He was formerly a resident of Providence, having removed to this state in 1851. He was a well known worker in the cause of freedom, taking an active part in the "underground railway" from the south to Canada. He was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the acts preventing the insurance companies from discriminating against colored people, and also the act repealing the law forbidding the intermarriage of white and colored people. He was twice a candidate for lieutenant governor of the state on the Socialist Labor ticket. He was a member of a Masonic lodge, of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and other organizations.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday in Providence, whither the remains were taken for interment.

Joseph V. Coen.

Mr. Joseph V. Coen, who for many years had conducted a grocery and liquor store on Long wharf, died at his residence on Kay street after a short illness.

By strict attention to business, Mr. Coen had established a flourishing business, and his store was a most popular resort for many of the Long Wharf fishermen and the steamboat men who travelled back and forth daily.

He was most retiring in his disposition, and had never made himself prominent in any city affairs.

Mr. Coen was a member of St. Joseph's Church. A widow and two children survive him, Mr. Edward J. Coen and Miss Mary Coen.

Sons of the Revolution.

The annual meeting of this society was held last Saturday, ex-Mayor Garrettson presiding. The resignation of Mr. W. Watts Sherman, who has been president of the society since its organization, was received with regret. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. Daniel B. Fearing.
First Vice President—Hon. F. P. Garrettson.
Second Vice President—Colonel Addison Thomas.
Secretary—William G. Ward.
Treasurer—Hon. John P. Sanborn.
Registrar—Clarence Stanhope.
Historian—Commander J. B. Murdock, U. S. N.
Chaplain—Rev. F. B. Cole, of Wickford.
Board of Managers—The officers ex-officio, Dr. E. P. Robinson, Hon. Perry Belmont, Edward W. Higbee, Hon. O. H. P. Belmont, David Stevens, R. H. Tilley, Theodore O. Carr, Major William D. Sayer and Colonel George E. Vernon.
Delegates to the General Society—W. Watts Sherman, Hon. F. P. Garrettson and Colonel Addison Thomas.
Alternates—David T. Pinniger, Colonel Henry C. Stevens, Jr., and R. H. Tilley.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is a guest of Baroness Sellliere, having come to Newport to attend the wedding of the Baroness' daughter, which occurred Thursday.

Mr. Lorillard Spencer has returned from a two weeks' visit to Europe, during which time he visited his mother and sister.

Mr. Charles K. Morrison has returned from Nova Scotia where he has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Lull have returned from New Hampshire where they have passed the summer.

THE SKY PILOT

By

RALPH CONNOR

Author of "The Man From Glengarry" "Glengarry School Days" and "Black Rock"

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE PILOT'S GRIP.

THE situation was one of extreme danger—a madman with a Winchester rifle. Something must be done and quickly. But what? It would be death to any one appearing at the door.

"I'll speak. You keep your eyes on him," said the Duke.

"Hello, Bruce! What's the row?" shouted the Duke.

Instantly the singing stopped. A look of cunning delight came over his face as, without a word, he got his rifle ready pointed at the door.

"Come in!" he yelled, after waiting for some moments. "Come in! You're the biggest of all the devils. Come on; I'll send you down where you belong. Come, what's keeping you?"

Over the rifle barrel his eyes gleamed with frenzied delight. We consulted as to a plan.

"I don't relish a bullet much," I said.

"There are pleasanter things," responded the Duke, "and he is a fairly good shot."

Meantime the singing had started again, and, looking through the chink, I saw that Bruce had got his eye on the stovepipe again. While I was looking the Pilot slipped away from us toward the door.

"Come back!" said the Duke. "Don't be a fool! Come back; he'll shoot you dead!"

Moore paid no heed to him, but stood waiting at the door. In a few moments Bruce blazed away again at the stovepipe. Immediately the Pilot burst in, calling out eagerly:

"Did you get him?"

"No!" said Bruce disappointedly. "He dodged like the devil, as of course he ought, you know."

"I'll get him," said Moore; "smoke him out," proceeding to open the stove door.

"Stop!" screamed Bruce. "Don't open that door! It's full, I tell you." Moore paused. "Besides," went on Bruce, "smoke won't touch 'em."

"Oh, that's all right," said Moore coolly and with admirable quickness. "Wood smoke, you know; they can't stand that."

This was apparently a new idea in demonology for Bruce, for he sank back, while Moore lighted the fire and put on the teakettle. He looked round for the tea caddy.

"Up there," said Bruce, forgetting for the moment his devils and pointing to a quaint, old fashioned tea caddy upon the shelf.

Moore took it down, turned it in his hands and looked at Bruce.

"Old country, eh?"

"My mother's," said Bruce soberly.

"I could have sworn it was my aunt's in Ballymena," said Moore. "My aunt lived in a little stone cottage with roses all over the front of it." And on he went into an enthusiastic description of his early home. His voice was full of music, soft and soothing, and poor Bruce sank back and listened, the glitter fading from his eyes.

The Duke and I looked at each other.

"Not too bad, eh?" said the Duke after a few moments' silence.

"Let's put up the horses," I suggested. "They won't want us for half an hour."

When we came in, the room had been set in order, the teakettle was singing, the bedclothes were straightened out, and Moore had just finished washing the blood stains from Bruce's arms and neck.

"Just in time," he said. "I didn't like to tackle these," pointing to the bandages.

All night long Moore soothed and tended the sick man, now singing softly to him and again beguiling him with tales that meant nothing, but that had a strange power to quiet the nervous restlessness due partly to the pain of the wounded arm and partly to the nerve wrecking from his months of dissipation. The Duke seemed uncomfortable enough. He spoke to Bruce once or twice, but the only answer was a groan or curse, with an increase of restlessness.

"He'll have a close squeak," said the Duke. The carelessness of the tone was a little overdone, but the Pilot was stirred up by it.

"He has not been fortunate in his friends," he said, looking straight into his eyes.

"A man ought to know himself when the pace is too swift," said the Duke, a little more quickly than was his wont.

"You might have done anything with him. Why didn't you help him?" Moore's tones were stern and very steady, and he never moved his eyes from the other man's face, but the only reply he got was a shrug of the shoulders.

When the gray of the morning was coming in at the window the Duke rose up, gave himself a little shake and said:

"I am not of any service here. I shall come back in the evening."

He went and stood for a few moments looking down upon the hot, fevered face; then, turning to me, he asked:

"What do you think?"

"Can't say! The bromide is holding him down just now. His blood is bad for that wound."

"Can I get anything?" I knew him well enough to recognize the anxiety under his indifferent manner.

"The Fort doctor ought to be got."

He nodded and went out.

"Have breakfast?" called out Moore from the door.

"I shall get some at the Fort, thanks. They won't take any hurt from me there," he said, smiling his cynical smile.

Moore opened his eyes in surprise.

"What's that for?" he asked me.

"Well, he is rather cut up, and you rather rubbed it into him, you know," I said, for I thought Moore a little hard.

"Did I say anything untrue?"

"Well, not untrue, perhaps; but truth is like medicine—not always good to take." At which Moore was silent till his patient needed him again.

It was a weary day. The intense pain from the wound and the high fever from the poison in his blood kept the poor fellow in delirium till evening, when the Duke rode up with the Fort doctor. Jingo appeared as nearly played out as a horse of his spirit ever allowed himself to become.

"Seventy miles," said the Duke, swinging himself off the saddle. "The doctor was ten miles out. How is he?"

I shook my head, and he led away his horse to give him a rub and a feed.

Meantime the doctor, who was of the army and had seen service, was examining his patient. He grew more and more puzzled as he noted the various symptoms. Finally he broke out:

"What have you been doing to him? Why is he in this condition? This flea bite doesn't account for all," pointing to the wound.

We stood like children reproved. Then the Duke said hesitatingly:

"I fear, doctor, the life has been a little too hard for him. He had a severe nervous attack—seeing things, you know."

"Yes, I know," stormed the old doctor. "I know you well enough, with your head of cast iron and no nerves to speak of. I know the crowd and how you lead them. Infernal fools! You'll get your turn some day. I've warned you before."

The Duke was standing up before the doctor during this storm smiling slightly. All at once the smile faded out, and he pointed to the bed. Bruce was sitting up quiet and steady. He stretched out his hand to the Duke.

"Don't mind the old fool," he said, holding the Duke's hand and looking up at him as fondly as if he were a girl. "It's my own funeral—funeral?" He paused. "Perhaps it may be—who knows?—feel queer enough—but, remember, Duke. It's my own fault. Don't listen to those belly fools," looking toward Moore and the doctor. "My own fault"—his voice died down—"my own fault."

The Duke bent over him and laid him back on the pillow, saying: "Thanks, old chap. You're good stuff. I'll not forget. Just keep quiet and you'll be all right." He passed his cool, firm hand over the hot brow of the man looking up at him with love in his eyes, and in a few moments Bruce fell asleep. Then the Duke lifted himself up and, facing the doctor, said in his coolest tone:

"Your words are more true than opportune, doctor. Your patient will need all your attention. As for my morals, Mr. Moore kindly intrusts himself with the care of them." This with a bow toward the Pilot.

"I wish him joy of his charge," snorted the doctor, turning again to the bed where Bruce had already passed into delirium.

The memory of that vigil was like a horrible nightmare for months. Moore lay on the floor and slept. The Duke rode off somewhither. The old doctor and I kept watch. All night poor Bruce raved in the wildest delirium, singing now psalms, now songs, swearing at the cattle or his poker partners, and now and then, in the quieter moments, he was back in his old home, a boy, with a boy's friends and sports. Nothing could check the fever. It baffled the doctor, who often during the night declared there was no sense in a wound like that working up such a fever, adding curses upon the folly of the Duke and his Company.

Moore read the letter.

"You don't think he will not get better, doctor?" I asked, in answer to one of his outbreaks.

"He ought to get over this," he answered impatiently. "But I believe," he added deliberately, "he'll have to go."

Everything stood still for a moment. It seemed impossible. Two days ago full of life, now on the way out. There crowded in upon me thoughts of his home; his mother, whose letters he used to show me full of anxious love; his wild life here, with all its generous impulses, its mistakes, its folly.

"How long will he last?" I asked, and my lips were dry and numb.

"Perhaps twenty-four hours, perhaps longer. He can't throw off the poison."

The old doctor proved a true prophet. After another day of agonized delirium he sank into a stupor which lasted through the night.

Then the change came. As the light began to grow at the eastern rim of the prairie and tip the far mountains in the west, Bruce opened his eyes and looked about upon us. The doctor had gone; the Duke had not come back; Moore and I were alone. He gazed at us steadily for some moments; read our faces. A look of wonder came into his eyes.

"Is it coming?" he asked in a faint, awed voice. "Do you really think I must go?"

The eager appeal in his voice and the wistful longing in the wide open, startled eyes were too much for Moore. He backed behind me and I could hear him weeping like a baby. Bruce heard him too.

"Is that the Pilot?" he asked. Instantly Moore pulled himself up, wiped his eyes and came round to the other side of the bed and looked down, smiling.

"Do you say I am dying?" The voice was strained in its earnestness. I felt a thrill of admiration go through me as the Pilot answered in a sweet, clear voice: "They say so, Bruce. But you are not afraid?"

Bruce kept his eyes on his face and answered with grave hesitation:

"No—not—afraid—but I'd like to live a little longer. I've made such a mess of it I'd like to try again." Then he paused and his lips quivered a little. "There's my mother, you know," he added apologetically, "and Jim." Jim was his younger brother and sworn chum.

"Yes, I know, Bruce, but it won't be very long for them, too, and it's a good place."

"Yes, I believe it all—always did—talked rot—you'll forgive me that?"

"Don't, don't," said Moore quickly, with sharp pain in his voice, and Bruce smiled a little and closed his eyes, saying, "I'm tired." But he immediately opened them again and looked up.

"What is it?" asked Moore, smiling down into his eyes.

"The Duke," the poor lips whispered.

"He is coming," said Moore confidently, though how he knew I could not tell. But even as he spoke, looking out of the window, I saw Jingo come swinging round the bluff. Bruce heard the beat of his hoofs, smiled, opened his eyes and waited. The leap of joy in his eyes as the Duke came in, clean, cool and fresh as the morning, went to my heart.

Neither man said a word, but Bruce took hold of the Duke's hand in both of his. He was fast growing weaker. I gave him brandy and he recovered a little strength.

"I am dying, Duke," he said quietly. "Promise you won't blame yourself."

"I can't, bid man," said the Duke, with a shudder. "Would to heaven I could."

"You were too strong for me and you didn't think, did you?" And the weak voice had a caress in it.

"No, no! God knows," said the Duke hurriedly.

There was a long silence, and again Bruce opened his eyes and whispered:

"The Pilot."

Moore came to him.

"Read 'The Prodigal,'" he said faintly, and in Moore's clear, sweet voice the music of that matchless story fell upon our ears.

Again Bruce's eyes summoned me. I bent over him.

"My letter," he said faintly; "in my coat"—

I brought to him the last letter from his mother. He held the envelope before his eyes, then handed it to me, whispering:

"Read."

I opened the letter and looked at the words "My darling Davie." My tongue stuck and not a sound could I make. Moore put out his hand and took it from me. The Duke rose to go out, calling me with his eyes, but Bruce motioned him to stay, and he sat down and bowed his head while Moore read the letter.

His tones were clear and steady till he came to the last words, when his voice broke and ended in a sob:

"And, oh, Davie, laddie, if ever your heart turns home again remember the door is aye open, and it's joy you'll bring with you to us all."

Bruce lay quite still and from his closed eyes big tears ran down his cheeks. It was his last farewell to her whose love had been to him the anchor to all things pure here and to heaven beyond.

He took the letter from Moore's hand, put it with difficulty to his lips, and then, touching the open Bible, he said between his breaths:

"It's—very like—there's really—no fear, is there?"

"No, no!" said Moore, with cheerful, confident voice, though his tears were flowing. "No fear of your welcome."

His eyes met mine. I bent over him. "Tell her"— and his voice faded away.

"What shall I tell her?" I asked, trying to recall him. But the message was never given. He moved one hand slowly toward the Duke till it touched his head. The Duke lifted his face and looked down at him, and then he did a beautiful thing for which I forgave him much. He stooped over and kissed the lips grown so white, and then the brow. The light came back into the eyes of the dying man, he smiled once more and smilingly faced toward the great beyond. And the morning air, fresh from the sun tipped mountains and sweet with the scent of the June roses, came blowing soft and cool through the open window upon the dead, smiling face. And it seemed fitting so. It came from the land of the morning.

Again the Duke did a beautiful thing; for, reaching across his dead friend, he offered his hand to the Pilot. "Mr. Moore," he said with fine courtesy, "you are a brave man and a good man. I ask your forgiveness for much rudeness."

But Moore only shook his head while he took the outstretched hand and said brokenly, "Don't; I can't stand it!"

"The Company of the Noble Seven will meet no more," said the Duke with a faint smile.

They did meet, however; but when they did the Pilot was in the chair and it was not for poker.

The Pilot had "got his grip," as Bill said.

CHAPTER IX.

GWEN.

IT was not many days after my arrival in the foothill country that I began to hear of Gwen. They all had stories of her. The details were not many, but the impression was vivid. She lived remote from that center of civilization known as Swan Creek in the postal guide, but locally as Old Latour's, far up among the hills near the Devil's lake, and from her father's ranch she never ventured. But some of the men had had glimpses of her and had come to definite opinions regarding her.

"What is she like?" I asked Bill one day, trying to pin him down to something like a descriptive account of her.

"Like! She's a terrer," he said, with slow emphasis, "a holy terrer."

"But what is she like? What does she look like?" I asked impatiently.

"Look like?" He considered a moment, looked slowly round as if searching for a simile, then answered, "I dunno."

"Don't know? What do you mean? Haven't you seen her?"

"Yeh! But she ain't like nothin'."

Bill was quite decided upon this point.

I tried again.

"Well, what sort of hair has she got? She's got hair, I suppose?"

"Hayer! Well, a few!" said Bill, with some choice combinations of profanity in repudiation of my suggestion. "Yards of it! Red!"

"Git out!" contradicted Hi. "Red! 'Tain't no more red than mine!"

Bill regarded Hi's hair critically.

"What color do you put on to your old brush?" he asked cautiously.

"'Tain't no difference. 'Tain't red, anyhow."

"Red! Well, not quite exactly," and Bill went off into a low, long, choking chuckle, ejaculating now and then: "Red! Jee-mi-ny Ann! Red!"

"No, Hi," he went on, recovering himself with the same abruptness as he used with his broncs, and looking at his friend with a face even more than usually solemn, "your hayer ain't red, Hi; don't let any of your relatives persuade you to that. 'Tain't red!" and he threatened to go off again, but pulled himself up with dangerous suddenness. "It may be blue, ceruleum blue or even purple, but red"— He paused violently, looking at his friend as if he found him a new and interesting object of study upon which he could not trust himself to speak. Nor could he be induced to proceed with the description he had begun.

But Hi, paying no attention to Bill's oration, took up the subject with enthusiasm.

"She kin ride—she's a reg'lar buster to ride; ain't she, Bill?". Bill nodded. "She kin bunch cattle an' cut out an' yank a steer up to any cowboy on the range."

"Why, how big is she?"

"Big? Why, she's just a kid! 'Tain't the bigness of her; it's the nerve. She's got the coldest kind of nerve you ever seen; hain't she, Bill?" And again Bill nodded.

"'Member the day she dropped that steer, Bill?" went on Hi.

"What was that?" I asked, eager for a yarn.

"Oh, nuthin'," said Bill.

"Nuthin'?" retorted Hi. "Pretty big nuthin'!"

"What was it?" I urged.

"Oh, Bill here did some funny work at old Meredith's round up, but he don't speak of it. He's shy, you see," and Hi grinned.

"Well, there ain't no occasion for your proceedin' on to that tack," said Bill disgustedly, and Hi loyally refrained, so I have never yet got the rights of the story. But from what I did hear I gathered that Bill, at the risk of his life, had pulled the Duke from under the hoofs of a mad steer, and that little Gwen had in the coolest possible manner "sailed in on her bronco" and, by putting two bullets into the steer's head, had saved them both from great danger, perhaps from death, for the rest of the cattle were crowding near. Of course Bill could never be persuaded to speak of the incident. A true western man will never hesitate to tell you what he can do, but of what he has done he does not readily speak.

The only other item that Hi contributed to the sketch of Gwen was that her temper could blaze if the occasion demanded.

"'Member young Hill, Bill?"

Bill "'membered."

"Didn't she cut into him sudden? Sarved him right too."

"What did she do?"

"Cut him across the face with her quirt in good style."

"What for?"

"Knockin' about her Indian Joe."

Joe was, as I came to learn, Ponka's son and Gwen's most devoted slave.

"Oh, she ain't no refrigerator."

"Yes," assented Bill. "She's a leetle swift."

Then, as if fearing he had been apologizing for her, he added, with the air of one settling the question: "But she's good stock! She suits me!"

The Duke helped me to another side of her character.

"She is a remarkable child," he said one day; "wild and shy as a coyote, but fearless, quite, and with a heart full of passions. Meredith—the Old Timer, you know—has kept her up there among the hills. She sees no one but himself and Ponka's Blackfoot relations, who treat her like a goddess and help to spoil her utterly. She knows their lingo and their ways—goes off with them for a week at a time."

"What! With the Blackfeet?"

"Ponka and Joe, of course, go along, but even without them she is as safe as if surrounded by the Coldstream guards. But she has given them up for some time now."

"And at home?" I asked. "Has she any education? Can she read or write?"

"Not she. She can make her own dresses, moccasins and leggings. She can cook and wash—that is, when she feels in the mood. And she knows all about the birds and beasts and flowers and that sort of thing, but—education! Why, she is hardly civilized!"

"What a shame!" I said. "How old is she?"

"Oh, a mere child—fourteen or fifteen, I imagine, but a woman in many things."

"And what does her father say to all this? Can he control her?"

"Control!" said the Duke in utter astonishment. "Why, bless your soul, nothing in heaven or earth could control her. Wait till you see her stand with her proud little head thrown back, giving orders to Joe, and you will never again connect the idea of control with Gwen. She might be a princess for the pride of her. I've seen some, too, in my day, but none to touch her for sheer, imperial pride, little Lucifer that she is."

"And how does her father stand her nonsense?" I asked, for I confess I was not much taken with the picture the Duke had drawn.

"Her father simply follows behind her and adores, as do all things that come near her, down, or up, perhaps, to her two dogs, Wolf and Loo, for either of which she would readily die if need be. Still," he added after a pause, "it is a shame, as you say. She ought to know something of the refinements of civilization, to which, after all, she belongs, and from which none of us can hope to escape." The Duke was silent for a few moments and then added with some hesitation: "Then, too, she is quite a pagan—never saw a prayer book, you know."

Turning, I saw my pupil.

And so it came about, chiefly through the Duke's influence, I imagine, that I was engaged by the Old Timer to go up to his ranch every week and teach his daughter something of the elementaries of a lady's education.

My introduction was ominous of the many things I was to suffer of that same young maiden before I had finished my course with her. The Old Timer had given careful directions as to the trail that would lead me to the canyon, where he was to meet me. Up the Swan went the trail, winding ever downward into deeper and narrower coulees and up to higher open sunlit slopes, till suddenly it settled into a valley which began with great width and narrowed to a canyon whose rocky sides were dressed out with shrubs and trailing vines and wet with trickling rivulets from the numerous springs that oozed and gushed from the black, glistening rocks. This canyon was an eerie place of which ghostly tales were told from the old Blackfoot times. And to this day no Blackfoot will dare to pass through this black walled, oozy, glistening canyon after the moon has passed the western lip. But in the warm light of broad day the canyon was a good enough place, cool and sweet, and I lingered through, waiting for the Old Timer, who failed to appear till the shadows began to darken its western black sides.

Out of the mouth of the canyon the trail climbed to a wide stretch of prairie that swept up over soft hills to the left and down to the bright gleaming waters of the Devil's lake on the right. In the sunlight the lake lay like a gem radiant with many colors, the far side black in the shadow of the crowding pines, then, in the middle, deep, blue and purple, and, nearer, many shades of emerald that ran quite to the white sandy beach. Right in front stood the ranch buildings, upon a slight rising ground and surrounded by a sturdy palisade of upright pointed poles. This was the castle of the princess. I rode up to the open gate, then turned and stood to look down upon the marvelous lake shining and shimmering with its many radiant colors. Suddenly there was an awful roar, my pony shot round upon his hind legs after his beastly cayuse manner, deposited me sitting upon the ground and fled down the trail, pursued by two huge dogs that brushed past me as I fell. I was aroused from my amazement by a peal of laughter, shrill, but full of music. Turning, I saw my pupil, as I guessed, standing at the head of a most beautiful pinto (spotted) pony with a heavy cattle quirt in her hand. I scrambled to my feet and said, somewhat angrily, I fear:

"What are you laughing at? Why don't you call back your dogs? They will chase my pony beyond all reach."

She lifted her little head, shook back her masses of brown red hair, looked at me as if I were quite beneath contempt and said, "No, they will kill him."

"Then," said I, for I was very angry, "I will kill them," pulling at the revolver in my belt.

"Then," she said, and for the first time I noticed her eyes blue black, with gray rims, "I will kill you," and she whipped out an ugly looking revolver. From her face I had no doubt that she would not hesitate to do as she had said. I changed my tactics, for I was anxious about my pony, and said, with my best smile:

"Can't you call them back? Won't they obey you?"

Her face changed in a moment.

"Is it your pony? Do you love him very much?"

"Dearly!" I said, persuading myself of a sudden affection for the cranky little brute.

She sprang upon her pinto and set off down the trail. The pony was now coursing up and down the slopes, doubling like a hare, instinctively avoiding the canyon, where he would be cornered. He was mad with terror at the huge brutes that were silently but with awful and sure swiftness running him down.

The girl on the pinto whistled shrilly and called to her dog: "Down, Wolf! Back, Loo!" But, running low, with long, stretched bodies, they heeded not, but sped on, ever gaining upon the pony that now circled toward the pinto. As they drew near in their circling, the girl urged her pinto to meet them, loosening her lariat as she went. As the pony neared the pinto he slackened his speed; immediately the nearer dog gathered herself in two short jumps and sprang for the pony's throat. But, even as she sprang, the lariat whirled round the girl's head and fell swift and sure about the dog's neck, and next moment she lay choking upon the prairie. Her mate passed looked

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Lining Up at Chickamauga

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

September 18-20, 1863

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LIKE the famous king of France who marched his army up the hill and then marched down again, the Confederate General Bragg doubled on his tracks at Chickamauga; but, unlike the hero in the fable, Bragg didn't get all the way back to the starting point. His army was holding Chattanooga, on the bank of the Tennessee river. The Federals under Rosecrans wanted Chattanooga, but instead of attacking the stronghold in front, where the enemy was prepared to resist, the Yankee leader marched his army around the town to tempt the foe to an open field fight. Bragg marched out southward, and the two armies played hide and seek among the mountains until Rosecrans was on the inside of the circle, with the enemy cut off from Chattanooga.

Bragg discovered his plight when the Chickamauga creek lay between him and the foe and Chattanooga. He supposed that only some scattered divisions of Federals were posted as guards of the roads back to Chattanooga. These he would brush away and then turn and crush the rest of Rosecrans' army. He sent one corps across the creek on the 18th of September. These troops showed themselves to some Federal outposts on the road who belonged to the command of General Thomas, the destined hero of Chickamauga.

Thomas was as much in a fog about the situation of the Confederates as was Bragg about the enemy he was seeking to outwit. His scouts told of one brigade that had come across the Chickamauga alone. The bridge had been destroyed behind these venturesome Confederates, and it looked easy to swoop down and capture them. With a corps of three divisions to select from, Thomas sent three brigades after the roaming enemy.

When the searching party found the enemy which had rashly crossed the "river of blood" the isolated brigade had grown to be a body of Forrest's cavalry backed by two brigades of infantry. Still supposing that he had a single brigade to cope with, the Federal division leader, General Brannan, attacked in the expectation of speedy victory and drove the intruders back half a mile. Then things looked different. There was a whole corps of Confederates on the wrong side of the creek backing up Forrest. Finding that one division was not enough to take care of that straying brigade, Thomas sent another division after the first. The united divisions also drove the enemy for a time, but the victori-

GENERAL BEN HARDIN HELM AND THE KENTUCKY ORPHANS.

ous march soon came to a halt in the presence of a host of men in gray who had slipped across the creek while the Federals were looking for them in another direction.

From the humblest private in the ranks to the general in chief, both armies were surprised to find how many there were at that moment with their eyes fixed on the roads leading from Chickamauga's dark waters to Chattanooga. Thomas had opened the battle of Chickamauga. His troops were on every road and byroad. The Federal division or two of isolated troops which Bragg expected would be driven away by Forrest's cavalry and the infantry corps which had crossed with him turned out to be the left wing of Rosecrans' army planted on the ground to fight for the right of way. Here was a dilemma for the Confederate leader, and the first move of his antagonist made the situation worse for the general, who wanted to march back home again.

When Bragg thrust his vanguard of cavalry and one corps across the creek to clear the way for his homeward march the leading corps of Federals under General McCook had marched away up stream, leaving far behind it the key to the region, the road from the creek to Rossville, a village in a gap in the mountain of Missionary ridge, the single pass into Chattanooga. Bragg had really counted upon hurling the main part of his army between Thomas and McCook, cutting the Federals in two and forcing them to let go of the Rossville road, which his vanguard would seize and defend.

But Rosecrans had not sent McCook away beyond recall. Furthermore, he had not merely posted picket guards on the Chattanooga roads. Thomas had placed at least a brigade on every road leading from the numerous fords of the Chickamauga to Rossville and in a manner to be quickly concentrated upon a threatened point. Rosecrans brought back two divisions of McCook's column to aid Thomas and also called up three divisions of reserves under General Crittenden. This massing of troops around Thomas made his line the pivot of the great battle to come. As the lines were, he had the left wing and stood as a bulwark between the enemy and the roads to Chattanooga.

War writers use the phrase "bringing on a battle" to illustrate how some trifling affair precipitates a fight where none was intended in the plans of the leaders. So Thomas brought on the battle of Chickamauga by going out to smash the Confederates who had crossed the dead line and might get troublesome if let alone. Bragg hadn't intended to fight at that time and place anything more serious than skirmishes to clear the Chattanooga roads. Rosecrans hadn't intended to fight then and there either, for the battle ground was too far from the Rossville road.

Half a score of little fights, starting with a brigade and drawing in a division, took place Sept. 19, and that night Bragg's army was lined up west of the Chickamauga. Leonidas Polk commanded the right wing and Longstreet, Lee's old warhorse from the Army of Northern Virginia, the left. Longstreet had brought two divisions of his old corps with him to help save Chattanooga. General D. H. Hill, another of Lee's marshals, commanded a corps of western troops. Buckner of Donelson fame led a corps. Hood and McLaws, who had led the fierce fight in front of Round Top at Gettysburg, were there. Pat Cleburne, the "Stonewall of the West," Breckinridge, the fighting Kentuckian; Joe Wheeler, the cavalryman, and Forrest, the all round fighter, were there with their hardened veterans from Shiloh and Murfreesboro.

With Rosecrans were Thomas, McCook and Thomas L. Crittenden as leaders of army corps. With Thomas were Baird and Negley and Brannan and J. J. Reynolds, with McCook Jeff C. Davis, R. W. Johnson and Phil Sheridan, leaders of divisions, and with Crittenden T. J. Wood, Palmer and Van Cleve. Gordon Granger commanded a reserve of three brigades stationed well back on the Rossville road, and two divisions of cavalry under Edward McCook and General Crook watched over the wagon trains.

When morning dawned on the 20th a heavy fog hung over the valley. The Confederate chiefs had been given their orders for attack, and at 8 o'clock the battle opened near where the fighting ended the night before, the center of Thomas' line. During the night Thomas' troops had built rude breastworks of rails and logs in front of a state road running through the battle field parallel to the creek and connecting with the Rossville road three miles away. A road from the creek led into this at the point in the line held by Baird's division.

With a prelude of skirmish fire, the divisions of Cleburne and Breckinridge dashed forward upon Baird's line. The famous Kentucky phalanx known as the Orphan brigade was in the lead, and in their eagerness the Kentuckians rushed upon Baird's breastworks, only to be beaten back. Baird's line was joined on the left by Beatty's brigade, which had moved up in the night and lay in the woods without breastworks. Seeing the Kentuckians recoil from Baird, Beatty brought out two guns of Bridges' Illinois battery and opened fire. The Fifteenth Kentucky regiment of Federals lay behind the battery.

Bridges' guns must be swept out of the way or the Confederate charge upon Baird would end in useless slaughter. The leader of the Orphans, Ben Hardin Helm, lined up the Sixth Kentucky and rode along the ranks to infuse courage into the men for desperate deeds. The scene was a battle picture not to be put on canvas. Helm was a noble soldier, a friend of Lincoln and a man he sought to win over to the northern cause in 1861.

With a few words, Helm led his Kentuckians forward into the battery, killing its commander and all the horses and cannoneers. Some of the Kentuckians turned the guns upon Beatty's men, and while Helm was directing their fire the marksmen of the Fifteenth Kentucky shot him dead in the saddle.

Pushing through the gap in Beatty's broken line, the Confederates charged past the flank of Baird and penetrated to the state road. For an hour Thomas' line was in danger. Baird's men were invincible behind their defenses, but the destruction of Beatty left his flank unprotected. Thomas sent in two fresh brigades, and with this timely help Baird drove Cleburne and Breckinridge back to their old lines.

The fight around Baird was Bragg's last venture for the destruction of Thomas. It failed, and the Confederate chieftain took up the mightier plan of hurling one mass between Thomas and McCook to cut the Federal army in two and another to overwhelm Thomas on the left flank and cut him off from Rossville. This blow it was which made the crisis of the day and brought to the front the "Rock of Chickamauga."

GEORGE L. KILMER.

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THE SKY PILOT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

back and gave up the chase. But dire vengeance overtook them, for, like one possessed, the girl fell upon them with her quirt and beat them one after the other till, in pity for the brutes, I interposed.

"They shall do as I say or I shall kill them! I shall kill them!" she cried, raging and stamping.

"Better shoot them," I suggested, pulling out my pistol.

Immediately she flung herself upon the one that moaned and whined at her feet, crying:

"If you dare! If you dare!" Then she burst into passionate sobbing. "You bad Loo! You bad, dear old Loo! But you were bad—you know you were bad!" And so she went on, with her arms about Loo's neck till Loo, whining and quivering with love and delight, threatened to go quite mad, and Wolf, standing majestically near, broke into short howls of impatience for his turn of caressing. They made a strange group, those three wild things, equally fierce and passionate in hate and in love.

Suddenly the girl remembered me, and standing up she said, half ashamed:

"They always obey me. They are mine, but they kill any strange thing that comes in through the gate. They are allowed to."

"It is a pleasant whim."

"What?"

"I mean, isn't that dangerous to strangers?"

"Oh, no one ever comes alone except the Duke. And they keep off the wolves."

"The Duke comes, does he?"

"Yes!" and her eyes lit up. "He is my friend. He calls me his 'princess,' and he teaches me to talk and tells me stories—oh, such wonderful stories!"

I looked in wonder at her face, so gentle, so girlish, and tried to think back to the picture of the girl who a few moments before had so coolly threatened to shoot me and had so furiously beaten her dogs.

I kept her talking of the Duke as we walked back to the gate, watching her face the while. It was not beautiful; it was too thin and the mouth was too large. But the teeth were good and the eyes, blue black with gray rims, looked straight at you—true eyes and brave, whether in love or in war. Her hair was her glory. Red it was, in spite of Hi's denial, but of such marvelous, indescribable shade that in certain lights, as she rode over the prairie, it streamed behind her like a purple banner—a most confusing and bewildering color, but quite in keeping with the nature of the owner.

She gave her pinto to Joe and, standing at the door, welcomed me with a dignity and graciousness that made me think that the Duke was not far wrong when he named her "Princess."

The door opened upon the main or living room. It was a long apartment, with low ceiling and walls of hewn logs chinked and plastered and all beautifully whitewashed and clean. The tables, chairs and benches were all homemade. On the floor were magnificent skins of wolf, bear, musk ox and mountain goat. The walls were decorated with heads and horns of deer and mountain sheep, eagles' wings and a beautiful breast of a loon, which Gwen had shot and of which she was very proud. At one end of the room a huge stone fireplace stood radiant in its summer decoration of ferns and grasses and wild flowers. At the other end a door opened into another room, smaller and richly furnished with relics of former grandeur.

Everything was clean and well kept. Every nook, shelf and corner was decked with flowers and ferns from the canyon.

A strange house it was, full of curious contrasts, but it fitted this quaint child that welcomed me with such gracious courtesy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Dinner Hour.

It is a curious fact that with almost every generation the dinner hour has undergone a change, the principal meal of the day being eaten at different periods, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. The author of "The Pleasures of the Table" points out that in England 400 or 500 years ago people took four meals—breakfast at 7, dinner at 10, supper at 4 and livery at 8. In France in the thirteenth century 9 in the morning was the dinner hour; Henry VII. dined at 11. In Cromwell's time 1 o'clock had come to be the fashionable hour and in Addison's day 2 o'clock, which gradually was transformed into 4. Pope found fault with Lady Suffolk for dining so late as 4. Four and 5 continued to be the popular dining hours among the aristocracy until the second decade of the nineteenth century, when dinner was further postponed, from which period it has steadily continued to encroach upon the evening.

A Fling at Tennyson.

In the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is a letter to her husband in which occurs the following amusing little fling at Tennyson:

"Did you know that Alfred Tennyson is to have a pension of £200 a year, after all? Peel has stated his intention of recommending him to her gracious majesty, and that is considered final—'A chacun selon sa capacite!' Lady Harriet told me he wanted to marry; 'must have a woman to live beside; would prefer a lady, but cannot afford one, and so must marry a maidservant.' Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write to him in behalf of their household, who was quite a superior character in her way."

Teeth.

Small, chalk white teeth are a sign of a weak constitution. Strong, normal teeth are large and yellowish white. Sometimes an enthusiastic novelist in depicting the charms of his heroine will give her two rows of pearls between her ruby lips. The truth of the matter is nothing could be more ghastly or unnatural or unbecoming than teeth made of pearls. It is only "store teeth" that possess a high polish.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW,
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

A UNIFORM PROGRAMME.

The Secretary of Michigan State Grange Describes This Important Feature of Grange Work.

[Special Correspondence.]

Years ago the studies of one grade in city schools were made essentially uniform with studies of the same grade in all other schools. Later rural schools adopted a similar basis of working together. The Sunday schools caught the spirit of co-operation and the international system of lessons was the result. Another outcome of the desire to advance in unison has been the home reading courses, which owe a large share of their remarkable adoption and success to the fact that they linked thousands all over the land together in a common effort toward mental development.

This impulse to co-operate mentally has now invaded the farmers' grange and club programmes. From the outset, thirty-five years ago, a "lecture hour" was an essential part of a grange meeting. This used to be occupied with addresses by the lecturer and others whom he invited to take part, and in miscellaneous exercises of an entertaining and instructive character. Gradually the need of definite knowledge of the opinion held by a majority of the farming people on important measures touching national agricultural life led the lecturer of the national grange to suggest quarterly a topic for discussion in all local granges. Then state granges realized that their power would be wonderfully augmented if vital issues in state affairs were thoroughly gone over in every subordinate grange before the time came for definite and final action on the part of state granges. State topics were accordingly sent out for careful study and debate.

This plan enables national and state granges to carry out the actually expressed wishes of their constituents. It secures also a far more impartial and complete consideration of the most practicable ways to help farmers than did the hit and miss mode of lecture work as formerly carried on by each local grange alone. In Michigan the plan of uniform topics for discussion in local grange has been further extended to embrace a textbook. A portion of one programme each month is given to a chapter of this book. One year has thus already been spent upon a book on civics, another upon parliamentary practice, and this year a work upon practical agriculture is the basis of study.

No grange is required to use these topics and textbooks selected by the national and state lecturers, but all are requested to do so, and probably a majority consider at least a part of them. Ample provision is made in the programmes for the inserting of local questions and exercises adapted to the needs of the community in which the grange is. The results of this effort toward uniform programmes warrant its continuance. Thinking and talking together on the same subjects in thousands of country neighborhoods lead to conservative and forceful acting together when the right time comes. Besides, there is a stimulus to the individual in the consciousness that thousands of other people in similar situations as himself are thinking of the same subjects and striving to improve themselves by the same means he is.

JENNIE BUELL.

President Butterfield of Rhode Island.

The subject of this sketch, Kenyon L. Butterfield, is the newly elected president of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at Kingston, R. I. He joined Capital grange of Lansing, Mich., in 1892 and had always retained his membership

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD.

there until his removal to Rhode Island. He was editor of a grange paper published by the Michigan state grange and later did grange editorial work on the Michigan Farmer. He was a member of the legislative committee of the state grange in 1893-95. He was chosen to his present position as president of Rhode Island Agricultural college early in the current year. He is an able writer and instructor and an enthusiastic grange worker.

The Work in Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania over twenty new granges have been organized since Jan. 1, 1903. During August a series of field meetings and grange picnics will be held in twenty-four counties. The next annual state grange meeting will be held at Wilkesbarre, Pa., which will bring together a thousand or more enthusiastic patrons.

He Knew a Way.

Anxious Father—But, my boy, unless you study you will know nothing. You will make no money with which to buy things.

Young Hopeful—That's nothing. I'll have everything charged, and I'll keep on that way till I get married.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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JOHN VARS,

126 Thames Street.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, September 5, 1903.

Lord Roberts has been obliged to give up his proposed trip to this country with the Honorable Artillery Company of London.

It is reported from Santiago, Cuba, that a new plague unknown to science and more deadly than yellow fever has made its appearance.

The Western corn crop which was reported some three weeks behind time, is rapidly picking up and if the frosts do not interfere there will be more than an average crop.

During the last seven days in August 14,953 immigrants arrived in New York. A year ago the number was only 5,786. This shows at what a rapid rate immigration is increasing.

Judge Gray, in an interview, expresses himself optimistically on the labor question. He also praises President Roosevelt for the manner in which he handled the coal strike.

Boston Blue was the first trotting horse to make a mile in three minutes. That was accomplished in 1818, or 85 years ago. In short, it took that many years to reduce the record one minute.

Congressman Babcock, after a talk with the President, says he thinks the financial bill adopted will be a measure to allow the use of customs receipts as deposits the same as revenue receipts are now used.

An American syndicate composed largely of Pittsburg interests will construct 600 miles of electric railway across Nicaragua and purchase the Nicaraguan railroad with a mileage of 161. The capital of the company is $20,000,000.

The Porte has notified Minister Leishman that five arrests have been made at Beirut in connection with the shooting which led to the report that William C. Magelssen, the United States vice and deputy consul there, had been assassinated.

The season of 1903 has come to a close at many of the summer resorts and at others it is fast waning. The cold winter will soon be upon us. The prospects for business in this vinicity for this winter are not good.

Congressman Fowler says in the Tribune that the government should deposit its excess revenue in the banks without any special security except the first lien of the assets and with no provisions except that the banks shall pay 2 per cent. per annum.

The St. Louis Fair Commissioners from Rhode Island will transport from Providence to St. Louis, free of charge, any and all farm products, fruit, vegetables, etc., that the people of this State may desire to exhibit next year at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition.

The Metropolitan Water Commission of Massachusetts has been startled to find pipes worth $50,000 a mile utterly rotted out. The Advertiser says: "If anything like this is going on generally it may mean a new outlay of anywhere from $15,000,000 to $50,000,000 to be paid by the cities of this section.

Old Gen. Simon Oliver Buckner, one of the greatest generals on the rebel side in the Civil War and several times the Democratic governor of Kentucky, is now stumping that State for the Republican candidate, Col. Belknap. Gen. Buckner is 80 years old, but is as active as a man of 40. He was candidate for Vice President on the sound money Democratic ticket in 1896.

Former Secretary Lyman J. Gage criticises the Aldrich bill on the grounds that as the law requires national banks to pay depositors 2 per cent. interest, it would be most unjust discrimination against country banks in favor of city banks. He thinks the Morgan interests were probably consulted before this bill was framed. Mr. Gage considers the Fowler bill well adapted to give relief in any contingency that may arise, but thinks that it may be a little too radical.

On the seventh page of this issue of the MERCURY we publish an exceedingly interesting article by Admiral Luce, on the condition of our navy in the early stages of the Civil War, and its career since. He brings to light some facts not generally known in regard to the conflict of authority at Washington in that period, and shows in a clear light a few of the many troubles that beset the pathway of President Lincoln in the first part of his administration. The article will bear careful reading.

At last the agony is over. The final race in the series for the America's cup has been sailed and Sir Thomas Lipton is at liberty to go back to England, but without the cup. Sir Thomas no doubt feels keen disappointment at the outcome, but he is a true sportsman and takes defeat philosophically. It is about time that the English yachtsmen learned that the only boat that can beat an American boat is another American boat, and that even there the choice is limited for the only boat that can beat a Herreshoff boat is another Herreshoff boat. But come again, Sir Thomas. We are always glad to see you, even though we are not yet ready to let you deprive us of our cup.

Roger Williams Lodge, Sons of St. George, held a smoke talk in their lodge room on Monday evening.

Mr. George F. Cozzens of New York, is visiting his relatives in this city.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1903, by W. T. Foster.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5:—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 8 to 12, warm wave 7 to 11, cool wave 10 to 14.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about 13, cross west of Rockies by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern states 18.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20.

This disturbance will begin with a period of high temperatures and end with very cool weather resulting in northern frosts. A great fall in temperatures will occur from about 16 to near close of month and this fall seems to be so general that I have no other way of accounting for it than the hurricane influence which I expect will reach its greatest force near our gulf and Atlantic states not far from September 21.

The northern frosts will result from the pulling force of the hurricane acting on a northwestern cold wave and as the corn crop is not now in first class condition early frosts would materially damage present prospects. It now appears probable that a bumper corn crop in 1903 will be necessary before the demand for that cereal can be satisfied, but will we get that bumper crop? I predicted a shortage in this year's corn crop.

Great storm periods, such as we are now passing through, and which will continue till end of October, are usually quite favorable to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in countries subject to such disturbances, therefore we may expect to read of earthquakes and volcanic activities not far from September 7 and 20, October 5 and 20. Watch these dates carefully for both earth and atmospheric disturbances.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Mrs. George Pierce, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, Mass., her furnished cottage No. 45 on the southerly side of upper Everett St., near Kay St., for one year, to Captain Henry C. Hodges, Jr., of the United States Army.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for D. W. Sheehan his lower tenement on Spruce street to Joseph D. Lawrence.

Wm. E. Brightman has sold for Edmund Lucas his house on Boss court to James and Minnie Judd.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for P. H. Horgan his cottage at the corner of Pond avenue and West Broadway to Mrs. Ida B. Tew.

Wm. E. Brightman has sold for Andrew Christensen his cottage on Morton avenue to a private purchaser.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Angus McLeod his upper tenement on Elliott place to R. M. Stewart.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for one year to Paymaster Philip V. Mohun of the U. S. Navy, for Amory Austin the furnished house on Ayrault street, facing the entrance to Greenough Place.

PEACE MEETING.

The Universal Peace Union and the Connecticut Christian Peace Society held their annual union meeting last week at Mystic, Connecticut. Able speakers from various sections of the country were present, and practical topics other than those of peace and arbitration were ably discussed. There was a large attendance and much interest manifested in the proceedings. Rhode Island was well represented both in numbers and influence.

Mystic is near Stonington, and on the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The place of meeting consists of several acres of high wooded land, bordered by an attractive river and otherwise surrounded by beautiful scenery. There was for use what is called the "Peace Temple" and other buildings, together with several tents.

Memorial services were held in honor of deceased members, with special reference to Mrs. Ida Whipple Benham, formerly of Providence, R. I., one of the founders of the Society, and for thirty-six years a Vice President of the Universal Peace Union, whose death is much regretted by a large circle of relatives, friends, and co-laborers who appreciated her many excellent and praiseworthy traits of character.

They recall her unfailing sympathy, her tender ministrations to the sick, the unfortunate, the needy, and the afflicted, and comfort their sorrowing hearts with memories of her beautiful presence, her life of constant prayer, her undoubting faith in God, in immortality, in the possibilities of humanity, her belief in the ultimate triumph of good over evil and her cheerful resignation to the divine will under all circumstances. "A pillar in the temple," "A strong staff," "A beautiful rod."

Discussion was held upon the following topics: "The Supremacy of Law the Way of Peace," "The Isthmian Canal as a Peacemaker," "Industrial Peace," "The World's Outlook for Peace," "The Single Tax," "How to Build for Peace," "Causes of Unrest," "Co-operative Industries," "Labor Unions," "The Hope of Peace," "War, from Personal Recollections."

Rhode Island was represented in part by Francis Gallagher, one of the Vice Presidents of the Peace Union, the Corresponding Secretary of the Rhode Island Radical Peace Society, and the Secretary of the Rhode Island Veteran Citizens' Historical Association, who gave an address at the memorial service mentioned, his subject being the life and character of the late Mrs. Ida Whipple Benham. He also gave an address, entitled "The History, Aim and Service of the Universal Peace Union."

AN ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET,

Describing the Scenery and Trip via the Hoosac Country & Deerfield Valley and Hudson River to New York City Sent Free by the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine R. R.

The beautiful Hoosac Country and Deerfield Valley has been delightfully described by the Boston & Maine Railroad, but not until this year has the $5.00 excursion trip on October 1st, via this route and the Hudson River Steamers, been at all detailed.

This year a charming little booklet which carries the reader from Boston to Albany and then down the river to New York, giving an interesting sketch of each passing point of interest and unfolding the scenic beauties of this region, has been published. It contains several beautiful illustrations of scenes in the Deerfield Valley and Hoosac Mountains, and along the shores of the Hudson. It is invaluable as a guide to the intending excursionists and is an interesting booklet too, for every one. It will be mailed free by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, to any address.

Washington Matters.

Vice Consul Magelssen Alive—The Colombia Situation—Secretary Shaw's Interest in the Crop Movement—Senator Aldrich Believes Harmony Will Prevail Between Senate and House on Currency Legislation—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30, 1903.

The anxiety concerning the welfare of Americans in Turkey during the latter part of last week has been materially abated by the decidedly belated news that Vice Consul Magelssen, at Beirut, Syria, was not murdered, as at first reported, but was merely fired at, the shots failing to take effect, and that the miscreants have been apprehended and the officials have rendered full apologies to the United States Minister Leishman at Constantinople. Before the correct version of the affair was received, the President ordered the European squadron to Turkish waters and the fleet, under the command of Admiral Cotton, is now en route for Genoa and thence will sail for Turkish waters. When informed of the error in the first report, the President announced that he would not rescind his order to the fleet, as the situation in Turkey appeared to be so acute that he regarded the presence of American war ships in Turkish waters as essential to the safety of American citizens in the Empire.

As soon as the news from Beirut was received, Secretary Hay hastened to Oyster Bay to confer with the President and after the conference, which also dealt with the situation in Colombia and the prospects of the Panama canal treaty, Mr. Hay determined to come at once to Washington, thus curtailing his vacation by several weeks. Reports from Bogota seem to indicate that the chief obstacle in the way of the treaty is the pride of the Colombians, and it is by no means certain that, after a delay sufficient to satisfy the spirit of the legislators, the convention will not be ratified. This at least, is the hope of the administration. Meanwhile, Dr. Herran, the Colombian charge d'affaires, has been instructed to subscribe to a press clipping bureau and to forward to the Colombian Congregational Library extracts from all American papers apropos of the treaty. It is argued here that when the Colombians see how many newspapers urged the immediate abandonment of the Panama route in favor of the Nicaraguan-Costa Rican route, that too, will have a salutary effect.

Secretary Shaw has greatly relieved the apprehensions entertained by leading financiers, by devising a method whereby he will be able to deposit in the national banks a fund of not less than $40,000,000 if the movement of the crops this fall is attended by a money stringency. According to the Secretary's explanation, he began last fall to gather the internal revenue receipts into a fund to meet just such an emergency. These receipts have been seggregated so that there has been no intermixture of customs receipts and the Secretary believes, therefore, that he has all the necessary authority to use the internal receipts to relieve the banks if the occasion arises. It is, moreover, the intention of the Secretary to accept state and municipal bonds as collateral for deposits of the internal revenue funds, as was done last year when the stringency in Wall street became acute. It was not the intention of Secretary Shaw, however, that this source of relief should become known at this time, as he feared that his ability to relieve the situation might be discounted, but the facts leaked out and now the secretary will explain his plans in an address he will deliver in Chicago this week.

Meanwhile, Senator Aldrich has issued a statement from his home in Providence in which he says that he has reason to believe that material progress is being made in the harmonizing of the views of Senate and House on the subject of currency legislation and the Senator even goes so far as to say that when Congress convenes Speaker-to-be Cannon will be found as enthusiastic in support of the measure which the Senate finance committee will bring in, as Mr. Aldrich himself. If such a result is attained it will prove another monument to the great harmonizing powers of Senator Allison who has gone West on a mission of peace and education. Senator Quay, who passed through Washington on his way to Florida last week, gave out a brief and characteristic interview on the subject of financial legislation which foreshadows an intention on the part of the Senator from Pennsylvania to make trouble when the financial measure comes up on the floor of the Senate. The Senator says that he sees no occasion for financial legislation, that there is money enough for everyone but the Wall Street brokers, and he sees no reason why Congress should legislate to please them. Mr. Quay also says that he appreciates that Wall street can occasionally corner the money of the country, but he does not believe that any reasonable increase of the volume of the circulation will foil the avaricious mischief-makers of Wall street. There is some doubt, however, among those who are acquainted with the wily Pennsylvanian, as to whether he was altogether sincere in this interview, and it is suggested as not unlikely that Mr. Quay was merely seeking to bring Senator Aldrich to terms on a statehood bill which, it is said, is to be resuscitated at the coming session of Congress. If Senator Aldrich will give Mr. Quay his way with the statehood bill, Mr. Quay's opposition to financial legislation will silently fade away, say the political wiseacres.

Numerous phases of the Indian Territory land scandals continue to be aired and it has become evident that there are grave abuses in the territory which call for immediate action. Meanwhile, the Secretary of the Interior, acting under the directions of the President, is using every endeavor to secure a competent commissioner, not connected with the Department of the Interior, to make a thorough investigation of the situation, and the Acting Attorney General is trying to secure an examiner to investigate the employes of the Department of Justice, against whom similar charges have been preferred. There is now little doubt that practically all of the members of the Dawes commission have interested themselves in companies organized to make money out of the Indians, and it is predicted that an effort will be made by the President to get rid of them. The President's prompt action in the case of Jenkins of Oklahoma, who was found to be interested in a contract for supplying provisions to the territorial insane asylum, is cited as a forerunner of his action in this case.

Mr. George L. Swan, of Stamford, Ct., who has been visiting his aunt, Miss Sallie Swan, on Division street, has returned to his home.

"Sale" at Gray Crag.

The sale held at "Gray Crag" the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark, drew a very large gathering of people, many of whom went there on account of the deep interest in connection with the good work and others to see the handsome estate. Fully 600 persons patronized the fair and about $1000 were realized, the proceeds to be devoted to St. Mary's Orphanage, Providence. The Providence table was in charge of Mrs. Mary C. Sturtevant, while Mrs. Frederick P. Sands looked after the interests of the Newport table and Mrs. William R. Hunter the Middletown table.

Through the efforts of Mrs. William R. Hunter the Middletown people became very much interested in the fair and added materially to its success. Mrs. Hunter has worked most faithfully for the success of this fair and much credit is due to her.

The Block Island Telephone.

Arrangements have been made for laying the new telephone cable between Block Island and the mainland and the work was to have been begun this week if favorable weather was encountered. The cable is to extend from Sandy Point at Block Island to Matunuck Beach on the mainland. The cable will 11 miles in length and will be used jointly by the United States government for their telegraph cable and by the Providence Telephone Company for their long distance telephone.

The cable was made by the Okonite Company of New York and New Jersey. There are three conductors in the cable each composed of seven strands of No. 22 copper wire, twisted together and insulated. The coverings are of okonite tape and jute. The outside diameter of the cable is about 1¾ inches, and the total weight of the 11 miles is over 20,000 pounds. The manufacture of this cable required six weeks.

Bids have been opened in Providence this week for the construction of sections of the State highways in the towns of North Providence, Smithfield, Gloucester, New Shoreham and West Greenwich. In the town of New Shoreham the lowest bidder was the town itself, a bid of $2500 having been submitted by Dr. J. C. Champlin in behalf of the town. The only other bid received for the work in that town was that from the D. B. Pierce, Jr., Company for $4,980.

Mr. Russell R. Bryer of New York is visiting his father, Mr. Andrew Bryer, in this city. Mr. Bryer has been attending the New York Dental College for the past two years and in the fall will enter the dental school of the University of Pennsylvania and will take his degree from that institution in the following spring.

Mayor and Mrs. P. J. Boyle have the sympathy of their friends in the loss of their infant son, Joseph, on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Harry Alger, Mrs. Thomas E. Sherman and Edith Sawyer Sherman have returned from the White Mountains.

City Clerk Stevens and Mrs. Stevens will spend Sunday and Monday with friends in New Haven.

Billy Buck Took Three Straight

Providence, Sept. 4.—The Roger Williams $10,000 stake for 2:14 trotters was the feature of the third day's racing in the grand circuit meeting at Narragansett park. Billy Buck, a bay gelding, owned and driven by E. F. Geers, carried off the big purse, winning in three straight heats.

Used Shears on Throat

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 4.—Possessed with the fancy that he was about to be removed to an insane asylum Ernest J. Harmon, a city laborer, slashed his throat with a pair of shears and is dying. Harmon had recently been wrought up over religious matters and became temporarily insane.

Pair of Alleged Highwaymen

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 4.—Charles Jenkins was the victim of a bold highway robbery last night, and James H. Wilson and Sewall E. Clough are under arrest, charged with the crime. Both prisoners, according to the police, were released from Lawrence jail yesterday.

The Baptist churches in Grafton and North Springfield, Vt., celebrated their 100th anniversary. There was an unusually large attendance at both places.

Thomas R. Lynch, aged 100 years and 8 months, died at Southbridge, Mass. He was a heavy smoker, but a total abstainer from strong drink. He was a native of Ireland.

Lester L. Burrington, superintendent of schools in Peabody, Mass., is dead, aged 55. He represented the 10th Norfolk (Mass.) district in the legislature in 1899-1900.

Mail carriers employed in the rural free delivery service in Massachusetts met at Boston and organized a state branch of the National Association of Rural Free Delivery Carriers.

Monmouth, Me., had a narrow escape from destruction. A wholesale conflagration seemed inevitable, but the loss will not exceed $4000.

The prospective survey for an electric railroad from Belfast to Camden, Me., is completed. Work is expected to begin this fall on the roadbed.

Edward A. White, aged 27, committed suicide at Augusta, Me., by cutting his throat. He had showed signs of mental derangement.

Earl B. Beal, 7 years old, was struck and instantly killed by an electric car at Quincy, Mass.

The sale of the Belfast, Me., light and power, gas and electric light works to N. C. Fletcher of Boston, for $30,000, is announced.

Edward Prince, 4 years old, was run over by a team at Boston, sustaining internal injuries. He died soon afterwards.

Mr. Eugene Schreier of this city has been presented with a handsome silver loving cup by the Congregational Shearith Israel of New York on the occasion of his silver wedding anniversary. The present is suitably inscribed and is accompanied by a letter from the secretary of the New York congregation giving expression to the respect and esteem in which Mr. Schreier is held by the members of the congregation.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

EARLY FALL TOURS.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

Leaving BOSTON Friday, Sept. 11th.

Tour No. 1 lasting for eight days, including Reading, Pa., Gettysburg, Blue Mountains of Maryland, Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia.

Tour No 2 lasting twelve days, covers all of the above with additional trip to Old Point Comfort, daylight ride up the historic James river, and visit to Richmond, Va. Cost of Tour No. 1 $33.00, Tour No 2 $53.00, covering every expense from Boston.

Both of these tours are admirably arranged to cover many interesting points, with easy travel.

For details and illustrated itinerary apply to Jos. P. Taggart, N. E. P. A., Royal Blue Line, 360 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER 1903. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
5 Sat	5 29	6 28	1 0	5 18	6 36
6 Sun	5 30	6 27	rises	6 55	7 15
7 Mon	5 31	6 25	8 41	7 33	7 51
8 Tues	5 32	6 23	7 10	8 10	8 30
9 Wed	5 33	6 21	7 42	8 48	9 06
10 Thurs	5 34	6 19	8 17	9 27	9 49
11 Fri	5 35	6 18	8 55	10 12	10 35

Full Moon 6th day, 7h. 20m., evening.
Last Quarter 14th day, 8h. 13m., morning.
New Moon 20th day, 11h. 31m. evening.
First Quarter, 28th day, 8h. 8m., evening.

SIMEON HAZARD,

OFFERS FOR SALE

A SIX ROOM COTTAGE,

in thorough repair, first ward. Goes quick. Come early if you want it.

OFFICE 40 BROADWAY.

A. O'D. TAYLOR.

Real Estate Agent, 182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport.
Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
New York office at 527 5th Avenue, Whitehouse & Porter, agents.

Splendid building site of 2½ acres on Easton's Point, commanding a magnificent ocean view out to Martha's Vineyard in one direction, and to Block Island in another. Price five thousand five hundred dollars.

Marriages.

Thursday, Sept. 3, at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I., by Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, assisted by Rev. Sherward Billings, Gladys Baldwin, daughter of Henry Mortimer Brooks, to Eugene Van Rensselaer Thayer, Jr.

Deaths.

In this city, 3d inst., Mary E., widow of Abner Main, aged 48 years.

In Tiverton, Four Corners, 2d inst., Ralph B. Wilcox, in his 38th year.

In this city, 2d inst., at his residence, corner of Kay and Ayrault streets, Joseph V. Coen, aged 50 years.

In this city, 30 inst., at her residence, Simmons street, Hannah, daughter of Mary and the late Richard Walsh, aged 30 years.

In this city, 24 inst., at the residence of her parents, 9 Vicksburg place, Pauline, infant daughter of Alice and Ferdinand Cornelis.

In this city, 1st inst., Joseph, infant son of Patrick J. and Alice B. Boyle.

In this city, 31st ult., James Jefferson.

In North Tiverton, 30th ult., William Bradshaw.

In Bristol, 1st inst., Mary A., wife of Loring F. Coggeshall, in her 83rd year.

In Providence, 30 ult., Stephen F. Andrews, aged 81; 30th ult., Susan Wheeler, aged 71.

In Fall River, 30 ult., William Ashton, in his 73d year.

C. H. Wrightington,

94 BROADWAY,

TELEPHONE 924.

Rents Collected,

Estates Cared For.

Insurance,

Real Estate.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HOUR FOR BATTLE

Macedonians Think Dawn of Liberty Already In Sight

AN UPRISING PROCLAIMED

Forces of Ottoman Tyranny Declared to Be Exhausted—Smoking Hearths Give Strength to a People Who Will Yield Only to Liberty or Death

Sofia, Sept. 4.—A special dispatch from Rila, near the Turkish frontier, says a courier has arrived there with a copy of the proclamation of a general insurrection, which has been awaited. The document is addressed "To our brethren in Macedonia and Adrianople," and begins by congratulating them upon the heroic fight they have already waged. The proclamation proceeds:

"Armed only with your own strength against a mighty empire, against pitiless foes, with the power of your right hand and the might of your spirit, you have shaken the hateful Ottoman dominion. A hundred thousand of the sultan's soldiers and an innumerable infidel mob were unable to resist your advance. You have sacrificed everything before the altar of liberty. Your villages were burned, your homes pillaged, your children massacred and your sisters, wives and mothers violated.

"If a succession of valient champions has persisted in the struggle and dyed the fatherland with their dear blood, but the greater zeal you have embraced the fight. Your smoking hearths have strengthened your manliness, the cries of children and moans of the women exasperated your souls. From the breasts of the fatherland came new champions, replacing those who have perished.

The holy flag of liberty waves more proudly over the dear fatherland. Your enemies are rendered powerless before your heroism. The forces of tyranny are exhausted. New days have come. One more heroic stroke and the centuries of tyranny will fall to the ground in convulsions of death.

"The dawn of liberty peeps already above the Macedonian horizon and awaits this stroke to shine with its full brilliancy on the Macedonian land. Prepare yourselves then, for this stroke. Be at your posts. The hour for the battle strikes. The cry of 'liberty or death' will break the chains of slavery and bring the triumph of justice."

The proclamation is signed "From the supreme central government."

Won't Remain In Turkish Waters

Washington, Sept. 4.—It is expected that the Brooklyn and San Francisco will arrive off Beirut today and the Machias off Port Said. Upon arrival there commanders will cable full reports about the situation. Upon the character of these advices and the expected report of Minister Leishman will depend the program of the state department. As there is no intention on the part of this government to become involved in the eastern question it is desired that the ships shall go their way as soon as their mission is fulfilled.

By the will of the late Harriet M. Wilcox of Westerly, R. I., four local churches receive bequests amounting to $25,000. The Christian church receives $10,000; First Baptist church, $5000; Grace church $5000, and Cavalry Baptist church $5000.

At the Unitarian church at Lexington, Mass., Maxwell Savage, son of Rev. M. J. Savage of New York, was ordained to the Unitarian ministry.

George Fox, aged 25, was run over and killed by a trolley car at Bath, Me. A coroner's jury exonerated the railroad company from all blame, adding that death may have been suicidal.

NOTICE.

We Have Removed our Stock of

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

Cutlery and Mechanics' Tools,

TO THE STORE

201 THAMES STREET, ENGS BUILDING,

next door north of old location,

And invite the public to inspect our increased facilities for their accommodation.

On and after July 1,

we shall close every evening at 6 o'clock, excepting

MONDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS at 9 o'clock.

ALEX. N. BARKER,

201 Thames Street.

THE T. RUMFORD SEABURY CO.

BOOTS & SHOES,

214 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

CUP STAYS HERE

Yankee Genius, Brains and Seamanship Triumphant

FINAL RACE OF THE SERIES

A Repetition of Former Beatings Administered to Shamrock—Reliance Finished in Dense Fog, in Which Challenger Missed Finish Line

New York, Sept. 4.—Reliance won the third and final race and the series for that famous sea trophy, the America's cup. In a dense fog, which prevented vision beyond 200 yards, she finished the race at 5:30:02 amid the acclamations of the assembled fleet. Shamrock III, after running for more than an hour in the fog, missed the finish line, passed by it and then returned to it from the opposite direction. As Reliance was then being towed through the fleet, yacht ensigns fluttering from her truck and spreaders in celebration of her victory, Shamrock III did not cross the finish line. As often said of the historic race when the America won the cup, "there was no second."

This successful result was achieved only after four futile attempts to sail off the final race and after the outcome had been admitted by even Mr. Lipton to be a foregone conclusion.

Yesterday's race was the eighth attempt to sail a race. After one duke the Reliance won the two following races, one by 7m. 30s. and the other by 1m. 19s. A week ago yesterday the first attempt to sail the third race failed and attempts have been made every day this week. On two occasions Reliance led Shamrock to the finish line by about two miles, but failed to reach it before the expiration of the time limit of 6½ hours. Yesterday's victory means that the cup is destined to remain in America until England is able to produce a genius equal to Herreshoff in yacht designing.

Rarely, if ever, has there been a more spectacular finish than the Reliance's yesterday. After racing for more than an hour at terrific speed through a blinding fog, Reliance burst through the wall of mist upon the vision of the spectators on the fleet assembled at the finish line, and, heeling until her lee rail was awash, fled across the finish line almost before the spectators could determine for a certainty that it was she. Once more the Yankee boat had added to the long string of victories in contests for the honored old silver trophy that carried with it the blue ribbon of the sea.

Victor and Vanquished Talk

Highlands of Navesink, N. J., Sept. 4.—When the Erin had discharged her passengers last night Sir Thomas Lipton said: "Two weeks ago I was hopeful; last week I knew I was doomed to defeat and was disappointed, but today I am almost glad in my own defeat. I want again to thank the American people for their generosity to me in my defeat." Regarding the defeat of Shamrock III he simply said: "I do not care to discuss it any more. The American boat was the better, that is all."

Designer Fife refused to talk. Captain Wringe would not talk further than to say: "We did the best we could, but the other boat was best."

Captain Barr of the Reliance said: "Reliance is a beautiful boat, had all kinds of weather and won in it. Our adversaries did the best they could with the material at their command."

Mr. Iselin, in reply to an inquiry as to the result, said: "Of course I am proud of the results. A splendid boat, a splendid crew and captain and all helped the result. Sir Thomas made a brave fight and deserved better luck."

The Feeling at Glasgow

Glasgow, Sept. 4.—The announcement of Reliance's victory was received here with a feeling akin to relief that the long drawn contest was ended. It is admitted that the whole fabric of British hopes was built up on the false assumption that Shamrock I was a decidedly better boat at the time of this year's trial races than when she was beaten by Columbia off Sandy Hook. Uniform regret is expressed at Lipton's failure.

Defeat Not Unexpected

London, Sept. 4.—The final defeat of Shamrock III was received in London with absolute listlessness. The chief hope expressed in the streets is that Canada will enter the lists next year and possibly succeed where the other country has failed.

No New Trial For Ames

Minneapolis, Sept. 1.—Judge Elliott has denied Dr. A. A. Ames' motion for a new trial. Nothing remains between the former mayor and six years in the penitentiary for bribery except an appeal to the supreme court, although this last effort is generally credited to be a vain one.

Speaking Photograph Produced

Berlin, Sept. 2.—Oscar Messter, who has invented an apparatus combining the phonograph and moving photograph machine, so as to produce a speaking photograph, gave a private view of his invention at the Apollo theatre, with satisfactory results.

A Lawyer's Unprofessional Conduct

Concord, N. H., Sept. 3.—The supreme court announces the disbarment of Albert P. Davis of Warner for the acceptance of a bribe and the improper use of knowledge obtained from a client.

Assignment of Woolen Company

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1.—The Grosvenor Woolen company, which operates mills in Monson and Holyoke, Mass., has made an assignment. By a deed of trust all the property of the concern is transferred to the trustees and it is expected that the mills will be kept running. It is thought that the embarrassment will be only temporary.

FORCED TO DISGORGE

Summer Resort Swell Gives Up Pawn Tickets For Gems He Had Stolen

Bethlehem, N. H., Sept. 4.—A young man who registered as C. F. Bonner of Philadelphia, described as about 20 years of age and of pleasing personality, became a guest at the Uplands house, a large summer hotel, early in August. He attracted considerable attention by his attentions to as many of the ladies at the hotel as he succeeded in meeting. On Aug. 26 he left, saying that he intended making a trip to New York. Coincident with his departure a young woman whose acquaintance Bonner had made missed from her jewelry a diamond ring and a diamond pin, the two being valued at $1000. She communicated with her people and her father came here, bringing a detective with him. A few days later Bonner reappeared at the hotel, well supplied with funds. Suspicion was directed to him, but before the officer felt justified in making an arrest the father of the girl who was robbed accused Bonner, who, it is said, confessed to having stolen the diamonds. He surrendered tickets representing the jewelry from a New York pawn shop and begged for clemency. In order to avoid unpleasant notoriety the parties decided to let him go and he immediately left the hotel.

Victims of Electric Cars

Boston, Sept. 2.—Mrs. Mary Nickerson, 60 years of age, was struck by the fender of a Roxbury bound car last night. She was carried underneath the car and dragged for some distance, being horribly mangled. Passengers assisted in lifting the car from the tracks. The woman was found still conscious and she even thanked those who rendered her assistance. She died six hours later. Miss A. Monahan was fatally injured by jumping from a car last night. Her head struck the pavement, fracturing the skull.

Beaupre's Instructions

Washington, Sept. 4.—Additional instructions have been cabled Mr. Beaupre, the American minister at Bogota, reiterating the position of this government regarding the canal treaty. Minister Beaupre's latest instructions advise him that President Roosevelt will not enter into any engagement with the Colombian government which will hamper his scope of action under the canal law. This government will not indicate what its course of action will be in the event the treaty is rejected.

Railways In Receivers' Hands

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 31.—Charles M. Thayer and John A. Hall have been appointed receivers for the Worcester and Southbridge Street Railway company and the Worcester, Rochdale and Charlton Depot Street Railway company, with full power to operate those roads. The appointment was made by Chief Justice Mason of the superior court after a brief hearing of the petitioners for a receivership for the roads. The receivers are under $100,000 bonds each.

Bail Furnished For Parks

New York, Sept. 2.—Recorder Goff having refused to accept bail for Sam Parks on the ground that it would be discourteous to Justice Sewell of the supreme court, who granted the certificate of reasonable doubt, Parks was taken before Justice Amend in the supreme court and released in $10,000 bail. The bond was signed by John J. Byrne, nephew of former Chief of Police Devery.

Expert's Advice Disregarded

Albany, Sept. 1.—Dr. G. A. Soper, special consulting expert of the state health department in connection with the Ithaca typhoid epidemic, has resigned that position. Dr. Soper says that typhoid would be stamped out at Ithaca if the local authorities would follow his instructions, but they have not even appointed a health board to succeed those who recently resigned.

Negro Lived 117 Years

Atlanta, Sept. 2.—"Old Uncle Andy" Montgomery, 117 years old, the only negro ever owned by the state of Georgia, is dead. He was born in South Carolina in 1786. He was well known to many newspaper men in the north and east, where he traveled several times on lecturing tours. His oldest son, 80 years old, and his youngest, 76, were with him when he died.

$10,000 Stake Goes to Star Hal

Providence, Sept. 3.—The supreme contest of the grand circuit meeting here—the $10,000 stake for 2:11 class pacers—was won by Star Hal, a horse owned by W. L. Snow of Hornellsville, N. Y., in three straight heats. Seven horses faced the starter, King Direct being the favorite, with Elastic Pointer second choice.

Gathering of the Aged

Charlemont, Mass., Sept. 3.—The 34th annual gathering of the Old Folks' society was attended by more than 300 persons over 70 years old, by many over 80 and 90, and by two or three nearly a century old. Practically all towns in western Massachusetts and southern Vermont were represented.

Month's Job on Scorpion

New York, Sept. 4.—The gunboat Scorpion has three of her decks cut through, several of the ribs bent on the port side and the frame strained. It will take fully a month to complete the repairs. The Scorpion was in collision in the East river with the steamer H. M. Whitney of Boston.

Hanna Slowly Improving

Cleveland, Sept. 4.—While Senator Hanna's condition is slowly improving he remains weak and his stomach trouble continues, although not to the original extent. He is still determined to go on the stump in the state campaign.

Excitement Too Much For Him

Derby, Conn., Sept. 2.—While going home from a theatre with a party of friends last night, Antonio Deske, aged 18, dropped dead on the street of heart disease. He was in poor health and the excitement caused by his interest in the melodrama as a spectator is supposed to have led to his death.

MADMAN'S VISIT

A Startling Incident at the Summer White House

HAD A LOADED REVOLVER

Made Three Persistent Demands That He Be Permitted to See Chief Executive—Ample Demonstration of Wisdom of a Guard Over President

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 3.—The examination of Frank Wellbrenner, who was arrested at Sagamore Hill late Tuesday night while making a persistent demand to see President Roosevelt and was armed with a revolver fully loaded, was held yesterday afternoon. Dr. G. A. Stewart and Dr. I. S. Barnes conducted the examination.

Wellbrenner's brother William was present. Justice Franklin questioned the prisoner about his movements Tuesday night. His replies were made in a quiet tone of voice, but they indicated that the man is crazy. Asked why he went to Sagamore Hill, he explained that he wished to marry Miss Alice Roosevelt.

Wellbrenner was declared by them to be insane. He will be placed immediately in the custody of Sheriff Johnson of Nassau county. His committal to a sanitarium will have to be made by the county court.

Wellbrenner is five feet eight inches high, 28 years old, has a medium-sized dark moustache, black eyes and evidently is of German descent. He resides in Syosset, about five miles inland from Oyster Bay. He was well dressed in a suit of dark material and wore an old-fashioned derby hat.

Wellbrenner was taken to Mineola, L. I., last evening and placed in the custody of the county authorities.

It appears that President Roosevelt was aware of the trouble the secret service officer had with Wellbrenner. After the man had been turned back the second time, despite his insistence that he had an engagement with the president, the officer, to make assurance doubly sure, inquired of the president about him. Mr. Roosevelt was in his library, only a short distance from the spot where the officer had stopped Wellbrenner's horse and buggy. He told the officer he had no engagement with anybody.

When Wellbrenner returned a third time with a demand that he be permitted to see the president, the officer seized him and drew him out of the vehicle over the front wheel. The noise of the scuffle attracted the president's attention. He appeared at the door overlooking the driveway from the veranda as Wellbrenner was being taken to the stables, but returned to the library almost immediately.

Wellbrenner has been practicing with his revolver recently, but he would give no reason for his interest in marksmanship and said he could not shoot very well. A revolver was found in his buggy.

It appears that one of his brothers, who attended his examination, is a metal worker and belongs to a labor union in Brooklyn. Some time ago he lost his position and went with his wife to his father's farm at Syosset. The farm is a good one, but the family is in debt for it and the father, Henry Wellbrenner, and the son who was arrested have been working hard to lift the indebtedness. The son from Brooklyn is said to have talked a good deal to his brother recently about labor unions and about the loss of his position. It is thought that the hard work and the trouble over the farm indebtedness had something to do with unsettling young Wellbrenner's mind.

The Wellbrenner incident is the first serious occurrence of the kind during the president sojourn at Sagamore Hill. It has demonstrated completely, in the opinion of officials here, the wisdom of the close and systematic guard which is maintained at all times over the president. He is exposed frequently, it is true, to assault, but every care that human agencies can devise is exercised constantly to insure his personal safety and immunity from danger. Personally he was not perturbed by the Wellbrenner incident, but, although the maintenance of the guard is often distasteful to him, he thoroughly realizes the necessity in the circumstances of having made as certain as possible the personal safety of the President of the United States.

Venezuela to Borrow $60,000,000

London, Sept. 4.—The Brussels correspondent of The Daily Telegraph says an agreement concerning the Venezuela debt was signed yesterday between a syndicate of Paris banks and Senor Velutini, the Venezuelan representative. A new loan of $60,000,000, guaranteed by the customs receipts, will be issued. The agreement requires the approval of the Venezuelan parliament.

Sheriff Will Investigate

Rockland, Me., Sept. 4.—The Star is informed that Sheriff Whitcomb will come to Rockland to institute an inquiry into the disappearance of Edward Jennings, who has not been seen since the morning of Aug. 20. Suspicions of foul play are entertained by Jennings' friends.

Counterfeit on New Bedford Bank

Washington, Sept. 3.—The secret service has received a new counterfeit $10 national bank note on the Mechanics' National bank of New Bedford, Mass. The series is of 1882. It is a good photograph on plain paper, no fibre; numbers, seal and panel of back tinted with thin colors.

Held For Kansas Authorities

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 2.—Harry A. Barnes of Ashland, Kas., wanted in that city to answer to the charge of obtaining $525, under false pretences, was arrested at his boarding place here last night. The arrest was made on a warrant received from Kansas.

DECLARED INEFFICIENT

Management of Railway Censured by Railroad Commissioners

Boston, Sept. 4.—The board of railroad commissioners, in its findings on the accident on the Boston and Worcester road in July last at Westboro, in which one person was killed and several injured, finds the motorman and conductor and the management of the road equally guilty.

The report concludes: "In brief, the investigation of this accident discloses inefficient management. The owners of such properties have the immediate control over them, and it is in the exercise of this control that the due care must be found which is essential to the protection of employes and the travelling public. The remedies for the evils of careless management have been found in the civil liabilities to which it exposes the stockholders of the company, and in the criminal prosecution of those personally responsible for carelessness, whether they be officials or employes.

"It is questionable whether accidents that arise from a failure to properly manage a railway can be prevented by any other means than the enforcement of laws of this kind."

Slippery Criminals

Centre Ossipee, N. H., Sept. 4.—John Metross and Plummer Colby, who recently escaped from the jail here, were discovered by a posse of six officers at the home of Colby's father in a mountain hut eight miles from here. At the approach of the officers one of the men opened fire with a shotgun and during the fusillade which followed they made their escape from the house. No one was injured on either side. The officers arrested Colby's father and a woman living with him.

Returns to Face Charges

Boston, Sept. 4.—Orr N. Towne, Jr., was brought back to Boston from Philadelphia to answer to the charge of embezzlement from the United States government. Towne was a deputy collector of internal revenue. In the hearing it developed that the alleged embezzlement amounted to several thousand dollars, and Towne was held in $5000 bonds for the September term of the United States district court of Massachusetts.

One Wife Too Many

Adams, Mass., Sept. 4.—Camille Phillips, aged 36, a painter, was sentenced to four months in jail for non-support, and held under $600 bonds for appearance before the grand jury on the charge of bigamy. Phillips was arrested in Lenox on complaint of his wife, whom he deserted in this town three years ago. He married Miss Lena Bekan in December, 1902.

Albert Gets Life Sentence

Bangor, Me., Sept. 4.—In the supreme court here Judge Peabody denied the motion for a new trial in the case of William H. Albert, convicted of the murder of Patrick H. Jordan in this city. Albert stated that he had not the slightest recollection of committing the terrible crime. The sentence of the court to life imprisonment was passed upon him.

Bicycle Mile In Fifty-Six Seconds

Boston, Sept. 4.—Albert Champion established a new world's record for motor cycles at Charles River park track last night, by riding a mile in 56 seconds. The occasion was the benefit meet to add to the fund for a monument to the late Harry D. Elkes, who was killed at this track on May 30 last. The 2000 spectators present contributed $772.50.

Slightly Deficient in Speed

Portland, Me., Sept. 4.—The official speed of the cruiser Cleveland, as made up by the trial board, is 16.495, five-thousandths of a knot below the required mark of 16.50. This report will be made to the government, with the recommendation that the ship be accepted without further trial, at a reduction in price sufficient to cover the deficiency.

Killed by Jump From Car

Boston, Sept. 4.—Luciano Codefa, 35 years old, was instantly killed last night by jumping from an electric car between Forest Hills and Roslindale. The blowing out of a fuse on the car frightened the man, who sprang out, striking his head on the pavement and fracturing the skull.

Big Procession at Bridgeport

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 4.—With Governor Chamberlain's review of the firemen's parade Bridgeport's Old Home week reached its climax. Nearly 7000 men were in line, accompanied by 40 bands and drum corps. It is estimated that besides the residents of the city 100,000 visitors witnessed the parade.

Abstracted $560,000 of Funds

Baltimore, Sept. 4.—Judge Dennis has signed an order removing W. T. Tucker as executor of the estate of his father, the late W. T. Tucker, a shoe merchant. Tucker had access to the money and valuables belonging to the estate, and he is accused by his mother of abstracting and converting to his own use $560,000. Tucker has disappeared. He and his mother are the only heirs to the estate and she announces that she will take no further legal steps against him.

Olympia Needs Patching

Washington, Sept. 2.—A report from Rear Admiral Coghlan on the accident to the Olympia during the joint maneuvers received at the navy department says that the injuries are slight, but that the ship is leaking quite badly.

Five Inches of Rain In an Hour

Franklin, N. H., Sept. 3.—A cloudburst here last night flooded streets and cellars to a considerable extent. Five inches of rain fell in an hour, and two women were slightly shocked by lightning which accompanied the storm.

Fatally Kicked by a Horse

Providence, Sept. 3.—William Poliski, 5 years old, while playing near a horse that was grazing in an open lot, got too close to the animal's heels and received a kick which fractured his skull, causing death.

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Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small dose. Small pill.

"GOODBY, DORA"

By..... HOWARD FIELDING

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I WAS roused by a loud knocking at my door. Stumbling forward, I sprung back the catch of the lock. The man without had turned the knob and was pressing upon it so that he seemed to fall into the room. He was my uncle's butler and was obviously shaking with alarm.

My first thought was that my uncle, whose health was very feeble, might have died in the night.

"Mr. Halstead is worse?" I began.

The butler shook his head with a sort of shuddering convulsion that swept down to his toes.

"It's Mr. John," he replied. "He's dead."

The news struck to my heart. Jack Halstead was my cousin and a fine fel-

"SUICIDE!" HE REPLIED.

low in every way. A great grief that he had had of late had brought us close together, and I held him to be my best friend.

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "An accident?"

"Suicide," was the reply.

I was conscious of surprise in the midst of my confusion, for this servant had hated Jack with the unforgiving persistence of an Indian since a day long ago when my cousin had exposed him in a trifling delinquency.

I dressed with all haste and hurried across to my uncle's house, accompanied by the trembling servant. When we entered I saw a group at the head of the broad stairway. Mr. Halstead was upon the topmost stair and towered above the others.

Upon a lower stair stood Arthur Morrow, son of the late Mrs. Halstead by a former marriage. A step or two higher and ascending was Dr. Norton Carr, the old physician of the family. As I approached the stairway my uncle extended his long right arm over the heads of the others and shook his finger at me.

"This is no better than murder!" he cried. "You are responsible for this."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Come here, and I'll show you," he replied in a choking voice.

We entered Jack's bedroom. The poor fellow lay there in his bed, his mortal part reposing in the final sleep. Mr. Halstead paused by the head of the bed and tapped with his finger upon a small table. I came forward and looked down. There lay a little vial containing white tablets and beside it a small tube. There was a label on the vial, and I knew what was marked upon it—"Morphine, one-half grain; Dr. Halstead."

"He got these things of you," said my uncle. "I call it murder. What possible excuse? You knew that he was heartbroken for Dora. She is going away; he has lost her. You have seen how he has been of late."

"I did not give him this," said I. "How can you imagine that I would do such a thing? He took them out of my office."

"And you knew it!" thundered Mr. Halstead. "You knew it, and you didn't tell me! You made no effort to save him. Why did you suppose he wanted this poison? Had he any proper need of this drug?"

I shook my head.

"I loved him," said my uncle, laying his hand upon the dead man's breast. "He should have had the bulk of my fortune, and you knew it. You ruined his life"—

"You are mad to say so!" I exclaimed.

He sneered at me.

"Why is that girl going away?" he demanded. "Do you think I don't know? Because a penniless rascal has won her away from my boy here. She couldn't marry you because you hadn't the money to buy her a roof and her bread. But you would have had a little at my death and were content to wait."

"As long as I have known Dora," said I with all the earnestness at my command, "I have never spoken one word of love to her. Do you suppose I would step in and rob Jack? Why, you yourself have praised me for my loyalty to him."

"I was deceived!" he cried. "You were too deep for me. You have caused his death. Look at this."

He picked up from the table a card upon which was written in Jack's hand the simplest possible message, "Goodby, Dora."

The tears sprang to my eyes, but it was necessary to control emotion in this crisis. I turned to Dr. Carr.

"There can be no doubt as to the cause of death?" I asked.

He did not reply in words, but bent forward and tapped the vial with his finger.

"Tell me how it happened," I asked. "Who saw him last?"

It was Thomas, the butler, who replied. He seemed to have risen through the floor at my elbow.

"He was out during the evening, sir," he said. "We don't know where he was. It was near midnight when I let him in. Mr. Morrow was writing in the library, and Mr. John went in there. I brought them a glass of wine. It seemed to me, if I may make bold to say so, that Mr. John was in better spirits than usual."

"I thought so, too," said Morrow. "We talked awhile of ordinary topics. I didn't notice that Jack was depressed. He seemed quite like his old self. We sat together for half an hour, and then he came up here to bed."

"Does anybody know," I asked, "why he opened this?"

I pointed to an ebony box containing some papers. It was open, and a small bunch of keys hung in the lock.

"Is there any indication that he destroyed anything?" I continued.

"Not that I know of," answered Morrow.

There was a moment's silence.

"It may be, sir, that the poison was in there," suggested Thomas. "He wouldn't have kept it lying round the room, sir, and where else should he have been likely to put it?"

"That is probably the explanation," said I. "I wish I'd thought of it before. When he confessed to me that he had taken this bottle from my office I tried to find it. You will readily understand why, Mr. Halstead."

"I understand that you have been criminally negligent," he retorted. "And let me tell you now that I am done with you."

He turned to Arthur and in his characteristic, impulsive, headlong way went on:

"You were never a favorite with me, Arthur, but you're all I've got now. You're the only one bound to me by any tie. Dora Melvin shall have something, with a condition." He glanced fiercely at me. "And you'll have the balance, Arthur. Much good may it do you!"

"No money will do any one good that comes in this way," replied Morrow, with a shudder.

"Thomas," said I, addressing the butler, "you let Mr. John Halstead in last night. Did he have anything in his hand?"

"No, sir," he replied.

"Not this, for instance?" said I, laying my hand upon a small package that was on the mantelpiece.

"No, sir," said Thomas. "He brought that in day before yesterday. You remember it, Mr. Morrow," he continued. "He took it into the library where you were writing."

"I had forgotten it," answered Morrow. "Are you sure, Thomas?"

"This is a serious matter," said I, laying my hand on the butler's shoulder. "Do not commit the folly of beginning the affair with a falsehood."

"I don't know why I should lie about it, sir," he replied doggedly.

"You saw him take this parcel into the library," I continued. "By the way, does anybody know what's in it?"

My uncle interrupted to ask angrily what all this was about.

"Grant me two minutes," said I. And then I repeated my question.

There was no reply.

"Thomas," said I, "what did young Mr. Halstead do with this parcel after he took it into the library?"

"I saw him untie the string," he answered. "Then he took up a pen from the table, but I didn't see him write anything."

"Did he write anything in the library last evening?" I asked, turning to Morrow, who answered me in the negative.

"Are you sure?" I insisted. "You were there all the time that he was present."

"Yes," was the answer. "He didn't write anything while I was there. Why do you ask?"

"Because this message on the card is written with the ink that is used in the library and not with Jack's stylographic pen. There is no ink in this room that I can see."

"What is the purpose of these questions?" demanded Mr. Halstead.

Without answering him I took up the parcel and removed the wrapper. There was a dainty box within, and upon opening that I discovered a small plaque, beautifully painted. The design was in lilies of the valley, which were Dora's favorite flower.

"Unless I am greatly in error," said I, "this farewell message on the card was intended to be put into this box. It was a parting gift to Dora."

"Its purpose is obvious," said Mr. Halstead. "It lay upon this table, and this bottle of poison was on top of it. It was his last word, poor fellow."

"But why did he buy the plaque?" I insisted. "Was it for you? For me? For Arthur?"

"For her, of course," said Mr. Halstead.

"Then why did not the gift and the message go together?" said I.

No one ventured a reply.

"I will tell you why," I continued. "This card was put into the parcel and was taken out again, but not by Jack."

"By whom, then?" asked my uncle.

"By some one who knew of its existence and perceived that it would answer quite well the purposes of a suicide's last message."

Mr. Halstead caught me by the shoulder.

"Do you mean to charge actual murder?" he cried. "Will you try to shift your own guilt upon another?"

"I charge a willful and deliberate murder," I replied.

"By whom?" he screamed.

"Let us see," I responded. "He must have swallowed this poison just before retiring. If he did not take it himself in this room he must have done so elsewhere in this house. He drank a glass of wine in the library."

"And you brought it to him?" cried Mr. Halstead, turning upon Thomas.

"Yes, sir," said the servant calmly. "I served him and Mr. Morrow."

"And you hated him?"

"I did not like him, sir, but I am not a murderer," was the answer.

At this point Dr. Carr put in his word.

"But the man died from these tablets," he said. "They were locked in this private box, and he had the key."

"Thomas," said I, "do you know of any other key to this box?"

The man was pale as paper, but he did not falter.

"Yes, sir," said he. "I happen to have seen Mr. John unlock this box and lock it again and put the key in this drawer."

He stepped forward and opened a small drawer in a desk, from which he took a key.

"I know when you saw him do that," said I. "It is heaven's mercy to you that you saw him. And I saw him too. I counted upon you remembering and upon your honesty, Thomas."

"I try to speak the truth, sir," said the servant.

"And now, Mr. Halstead," said I, "let me state this case as you see it, or as you saw it at first. Jack came up here; he opened this box in which he had hidden the vial taken from my office; he dissolved some of the tablets in this tube and drank the fluid. Is there any other possible way to picture it?"

"Not certainly not," was the answer.

"Let me picture it for you," said I. "He came to this room in better spirits than usual. He went to bed in the full confidence of waking on the morrow. But instead he sank into a stupor from which he never aroused. When a sufficient time had elapsed a man stole into this room. He took a bunch of keys from Jack's pocket, for he was one who did not know of the other key in that drawer. Had he known of it obviously he would have used it and would not have searched through this bunch for the right one. Time was precious with him.

"Having secured the vial and this card with the farewell message, he put them on this table. Then he stole out again."

"But," interrupted Dr. Carr, "who knew the vial was there?"

I pointed to Thomas and then to Morrow.

"One of the men must have known it," said I, "for no one else could have had a motive for this crime. One hated him; the other, knowing that my uncle must soon die, saw a chance of a great inheritance. Which of them is guilty—the one who frankly said, 'I suppose the vial was in that box,' or the one who dared not say what was sufficiently

"ARTHUR MORROW, I SPEAK BY THE BOOK."

ly obvious? Who saw Jack write upon that card the other day in the library?"

"This is lunacy!" exclaimed Morrow. "The man is a suicide."

"You killed him," said I, "and now you defile his memory. Arthur Morrow, when I say that this was murder I speak by the book. There is no poison in that vial. I found it days ago. I knew why he was saving it. I changed the tablets for others precisely similar in appearance, but containing a harmless substance flavored with quinine to make it bitter. I said to myself, 'If Jack takes this desperate step he shall have a chance to repent of it.' I did not remove the tablets, for then he would simply have bought others. You don't believe me?"

I seized the vial and emptied the contents into my mouth, crushing the tablets with my teeth.

"If those were what you thought them, Morrow," said I, "my life would not be worth much. Oh, you double villain, I wish you could have got into this box that you might have used these harmless things in your desperate plot! But Jack had the only key you knew of, and you were forced to buy your drug, Arthur Morrow, I charge you with this crime!"

He tried to answer me, but his voice was not articulate. It rose gradually into a scream of terror. Then suddenly he fell forward across the little table, crushing it to the floor.

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10	Quart Dish Pan	55c.
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The Democratic Simplicity of Newport.

Favorable Observations of a Bostonian Who Has Travelled and Read.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

SIR: When Col. Henry Watterson wrote his celebrated article about Newport he must have been dreaming or had never visited this magnificent social centre. I enjoyed a few days' fishing and observing there this week with immense delight and amazement.

I have read Gibbon's Rome, and the story of Greece back to the days of Pericles, and also Lecky's "European Morals."

I have seen Li Hung Chang with his 300 servants in their Oriental grandeur; but nothing to compare with the superior refinement and quiet beauty of Newport. The subtle impression is one of superb repose. There is not the slightest scintilla of evidence to show a decaying civilization. I did not observe any ostentatious display of wealth. All is elegant simplicity—even to the dressing. Cliff Walk, the most noted in the world, is open to everybody—including rail-splitters like Lincoln, wood-choppers like Gladstone and broncobusters like Roosevelt. One home was pointed out, owned by a gentleman who cuts hay in his shirt sleeves in the morning and gives the most sumptuous dinners in the evening. He also has the noble and just habit of pensioning for life with full salary all persons who have been in his employ for twenty years. No old man or old woman is ever turned out on the grass.

Another Newport gentleman pays his servants a year's wages in advance when he starts upon a European tour, and it is optional with them to return to him, or go elsewhere, as soon as he comes back to America.

I saw some as fine horses as were ever bred in old Kentucky, and no drunkards. The most interesting work of art in Newport is Stuart's great portrait of a distinguished Southerner by the name of George Washington.

It is true that there have been some divorce cases. But why worry about divorces? Pericles was a divorced man, Charles Sumner was a divorced man, Ruskin was a divorced man, Napoleon was a divorced man.

Love always has and always will laugh at locksmiths, and all the world loves a lover. Newport is no longer called the 400, but the 550. We were driving out one day and noticed a group of frolicsome country lassies. One of the brightest laughed and said: "Don't look at us. We belong to the 25,000." Our driver, an Irish wit, retorted: "I belong to the middle class, the 22,500."

In this entrancing object lesson there is an odd-looking brick cottage, slightly run down at the heels, and fronting on the ocean. It is owned by two old maids, who have refused fabulous sums for it. They say that they have enough money to live on, and prefer to let the old home remain as pa left it. The 550 smile and drive on, unable to get possession and make improvements.

Newport is the most marvellous architectural and landscape achievement in the history of mankind. Certainly it has the healthiest and purest atmosphere, the finest fish, the best bathing beach, and the most beautiful flowers on earth. One is constantly reminded that God made flowers for angels to give to the poor and worthy.

I heard of one celebrated party where the hostess, after the guests were assembled, turned loose 100 young rats, and they do say to this good day that there was never before in Newport or anywhere else such screaming and sudden displaying of fine hosiery. But this was fun—not food for stupid complaint.

Royal villa after villa greets the eye—monuments to the genius of man. And the women—what shall I say of them?

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows:
Useless each without the other.

Newport, I applaud thee. I am proud that thou art in this

The land of the free,
And the home of the brave.

A country without ruins; but full of military, naval and civic splendor.

L. G. M.

BOSTON, Aug. 22.

More than physical culture is required to make a man strong-minded.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving away to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

When a woman is no longer able to make a man jealous she may as well give it up as a bad job.

☞ **Prompt relief in sick headache,** dizziness, nausea, costipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small dose. Small pill.

☞Some people haven't sense enough to use a hint if they had sense enough to take it.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood nerves and complexion.

Modern Version.

Rich Heiress—Are you sure you love me?

Hard Up—Love you? Why, I worship the very ground you inherit.

Making Up.—Miss Ethel is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance. "Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not." "No," said the servant, with an icy smile; "it is not her mind she is making up."—Exchange.

Now Ready.

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FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

"Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch—'What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?'

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his head.

The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny"?

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

To Grandfathers Who Are And
To Those Who Are To Be,
I Merrily Dedicate This Book.

"BUNNY."

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FARE—New York to Newport direct, or via steamer to Fall River thence rail, $3.00.

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C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
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	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	*7 00	*10 00	*1 15	*1 05	*7 30	11 00
Prov. ar	8 50	11 50	3 18	5 50	9 50	6 34
Boston, ar	10 18	1 12	4 30	7 00	11 00	6 57
N. York ar	1 38	4 29	6 58	11 00	B	7 08
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
New York	b 02		*5 00	*10 02	*1 02	*5 00
Boston	6 42	10 03	1 03	3 00	7 00	
Providence	8 02	11 12	2 10	4 15	8 21	
Newp't, arr	6 35	9 15	1 00	4 00	6 40	10 45
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M

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SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.06, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.54 a. m., 12.54, 4.28 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.06, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.06, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, b9.13 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.06, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. New Bedford, 7.06, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

a Boat from Fall River.
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"Newport & Fall River Division."

TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after June 1st, 1903.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b10.15, b10.45, b11.15 p. m.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—a6.30, 6.45, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b10.15, b10.45, b11.15 p. m.

a To Portsmouth and return.
b To Portsmouth only.

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Naval Administration. (III).

By S. B. Luce, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

Scarcely a generation had passed before the influence upon the country of the war of 1812 began to decline. The idea of complete isolation, and freedom from "entangling alliances" with, what we were pleased to call, the effete monarchies of Europe, took complete possession of the public mind; and war, that relic of a barbarous age, was regarded as impossible with such a remote, enlightened, prosperous and practical people as Americans.

Congress had little use for an army, and much less for a navy; and all plans looking to preparation for war were deemed chimerical. The navy was allowed to die out, practically, and the Navy Department wasted its energies in vain efforts to overcome the apathy or indifference of the legislative branch of the Government.

Our mercantile marine, extending to the most distant shores, whose sails whitened every sea, a source of national pride and of wealth, was already beginning to show signs of that decadence which a generation later led to its partial extinction; our carrying trade was gradually but surely passing to foreign bottoms; our naval prestige was on the wane; we were ceasing to be a maritime people.

It was in this state of naval affairs that the opening of the Civil War found us.

Our Naval Administration was regarded with such scant respect as to border, at one critical period, on contempt.

At the very outset of the Secession movement the relief of Fort Sumter was the cause of much anxious thought. Councils were divided. The several members of the Cabinet were comparative strangers to each other, and the whole country was in a state of ferment.

The President, after giving the subject much careful consideration, finally decided that it was his duty to make the attempt to succor the beleagured garrison in Sumter.

Those who do not recall the particulars connected with the proposed relief of Fort Sumter in '61 are reminded that a small force consisting of the Powhatan, Pawnee, Pocahontas, and Harlet Lane, under the command of Captain Samuel Mercer, a post captain of the old school, was ordered to rendezvous on the 5th day of April, 1861, ten miles due east of the Charleston Light. The utmost secrecy was maintained in regard to this expedition. The Powhatan had just returned from a cruise and had been put out of commission at the New York Navy Yard. In view of the projected movement, the Navy Department, by an order dated April 1st, 1861, directed her to be recommissioned.

On the same day (April 1st) the President, without a hint to the Navy Department, telegraphed to the commandant of the New York Navy Yard, directing him to fit out the Powhatan, without delay, adding "she is bound on secret service, and you will under no circumstances communicate to the Navy Department the fact that she is fitting out." At the same time the President ordered Lieut., the late Admiral D. D. Porter, at that time a comparatively young officer, to the command of the Powhatan, as the successor of Capt. Mercer, and directed him to proceed to Pensacola for the relief of Fort Pickens, thus diverting the heaviest ship, and the senior officer, from the force destined for the relief of Fort Sumter. In addition to this, Captain Samuel Barron, an officer who enjoyed a very high reputation, but who was a Southerner, and was believed at the time to hold a commission in the Confederate Navy, was ordered by the President to relieve Captain Stringham as officer of detail. The effect of this order, if carried out, would have been to place a disloyal officer in control of the Navy. These orders are of such an exceptional nature that they are given here in full.

(Confidential)

Executive Mansion, April 1, 1861.

To the Secretary of the Navy.

Dear Sir:—You will issue instructions to Captain Pendergast, commanding the home squadron, to remain in observation at Vera Cruz—important complications in our foreign relations rendering the presence of an officer of rank there of great importance.

Captain Stringham will be directed to proceed to Pensacola with all possible despatch, and assume command of that portion of the home squadron stationed off Pensacola. He will have confidential instructions to co-operate in every way with the commanders of the land forces of the United States in that neighborhood.

The instructions to the army officers, which are strictly confidential, will be communicated to Captain Stringham after he arrives at Pensacola.

Captain Samuel Barron will relieve Captain Stringham in charge of the Bureau of Detail.

(Signed) Abraham Lincoln.

P.S. As it is very necessary at this time to have a perfect knowledge of the personnel of the navy, and to be able to detail such officers for special purposes as the exigencies of the service may require, I request that you will instruct Captain Barron to proceed and organize the Bureau of Detail in the manner best adapted to meet the wants of the navy, taking cognizance of the discipline of the navy generally, detailing all officers for duty, taking charge of the recruiting of seamen, supervising charges made against officers, and all matters relating to duties which must be best understood by a sea officer. You will please afford Captain Barron any facility for accomplishing this duty, transfering to his department the clerical force heretofore used for the purpose specified. It is to be understood that this officer will act by authority of the Secretary of the Navy, who will exercise such supervision as he may deem necessary.

(Signed) Abraham Lincoln.

The dire confusion these conflicting orders gave rise to may be better imagined than described.

The parties to the secret of the Fort Pickens relief expedition are believed to have been President Lincoln, Secretary of the State Seward, General Scott, Captain, the late General M. C. Meigs and Lieutenant, the late Admiral Porter.

It is quite true that the existing conditions of the country were altogether exceptional. The times were "out of joint." Washington was full of spies. No man dared trust his neighbor. Ties of family and life-long friendship were in many cases sundered. But making every allowance for a state bordering on chaos, the method of procedure in this case brings out in the strongest light the utter lack of confidence in the Navy Department, as a working organization in a great national crisis. The military head of the army was naturally in the secret, but there was no military or naval head of the navy; and the civil head, able as he eventually proved to be, at that time was little known to his colleagues of the Cabinet.

The relief of Fort Sumter, feasible perhaps in the earliest days of the Secession movement, was now deemed impracticable by the highest military and naval authorities. Mr. Seward, who was, from the first, opposed to the measure, had given assurances to the insurgent leaders that it would not be attempted. Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, decided that it was his imperative duty to make the attempt at all hazards.

On the 28th of March information was received by the administration that it would be impracticable to re-inforce the garrison and that the provisions on hand would be exhausted in about two weeks. The President then declared he would send supplies to the fort and if the Secessionists forcibly resisted on them would be the responsibility of initiating hostilities. This conclusion, though it conflicted in some degree with the views of the military authorities, the President felt to be a political necessity. He could not, he said, consistently with his convictions of his duty, order the evacuation of Sumter; and it would be inhuman on his part to permit the heroic garrison to be starved into surrender, without an attempt to relieve it.

The Secretary of State did not concur in these views and argued against the measure. The President had fully decided on his course, however, and the next day, March 29th, issued the necessary orders.

As the expedition was of a military character the Secretary of War commissioned Mr. G. V. Fox, then a private citizen, to command the expedition, and gave him his written instructions.

But Mr. Seward persisted in his opposition to the President and the rest of the Cabinet; and as he had given assurances to the Southern leaders that Sumter would be evacuated by the Federal forces, he now proceeded to make good his word by rendering abortive the plans of the President. To accomplish this he actually usurped the authority of the War Department and the Department of the Navy, calling to his assistance Captain Meigs of the army and Lieut. Porter of the navy. The result of their joint efforts was the drawing up of the confidential order already given and the sending of the telegraphic dispatches diverting the Powhatan and the senior officer from the Sumter expedition. The failure of the Sumter expedition was thenceforth a foregone conclusion.

On the receipt of the extraordinary order which practically placed a Secessionist officer in control of the navy, Mr. Secretary Welles at once appealed to the President, who promptly disavowed the order. "Mr. Seward," he said, "had been there with two young officers. One was Capt. Meigs, another was a companion, a naval officer named Porter. Mr. Seward had these young men here as clerks to write down his plans and orders." (These were the President's own words as recorded of Mr. Welles.)

On matters being explained, the President frankly acknowledged that the paper "was an improper one, and must be regarded as cancelled; that he had signed it without due consideration; and that such a thing should not occur again," and it never did to the end of his administration.

On the same day of the promulgation of the orders referred to, namely April 1st, the President received from the Secretary of State a memorandum entitled "Some thoughts for the President's consideration, April 1st, 1861."

The gist of this very remarkable paper, as given by Mr. John G. Nicolay in "A Short Life of Lincoln," is as follows:—"After a month's trial, you, Mr. Lincoln, are a failure as President. The country is in desperate straits and must apply a desperate remedy. That remedy is to submerge the South Carolina insurrection in a continental war. We must declare war against France and Spain. Some new man must take the executive helm and wield the undivided Presidential authority. I should have been nominated in Chicago and elected in November, but even now am willing to take your place and perform your duties."

In this "incident of phenomenal strangeness," as Mr. Nicolay terms it, we have the key of this "comedy of errors."

"Mr. Lincoln's unselfish magnanimity is the central marvel in the whole affair," adds Mr. Nicolay. His answer to Mr. Seward's memorandum ended the argument, and the incident was closed, never again to be alluded to during Mr. Lincoln's life. There was, thenceforth, no doubt as to who was master.

From the attitude assumed by one so high in authority as the Secretary of State, second only to that of the President himself, we cease to wonder how a high-spirited young officer as Lieut. Porter then was, should, when sent for and consulted by Mr. Seward, readily fall into any plan which promised active service and a chance for distinction and promotion.

The episode was a painful one to all concerned. It is very creditable to Mr. Seward, that he at once realized, and frankly acknowledged his mistake in interfering with matters that did not pertain to his office. He soon came to see the true character of Mr. Lincoln, whose measure he had, up to that time, failed to take.

Explanations made and accepted by those concerned, the Navy Department resumed the full control of its own affairs.

Knowing Admiral Porter as I did, knowing how amenable he was to law and regulations, I am fully persuaded that, had there been a Board of Navy Commissioners attached to the Secretary's office, he would not have placed himself under the orders of the Secretary of State. Mr. Gideon Welles, with his patriarchal appearance and gentle manners did not appeal to the average naval officer with any great degree of force.

Had such an one as Commodore John Rodgers, the first President of the Board of Navy Commissioners, been in office, or Charles Morris, or one of their successors, who would have brought down, had the office continued, the traditions of the service, Lieut. Porter would not have dared to set his authority at defiance. Indeed, it is more than doubtful if Mr. Seward himself would have done so.

Such is the danger of instability in the exercise of military authority. It invites insubordination.

It may be mentioned in passing that Fort Jefferson, on the Dry Tortugas, and Fort Taylor at Key West, were saved to the Union cause, not by the Navy Department, but through the instrumentality of Crosby, the late Rear Admiral Thornton A. Jenkins, and Captain, the late General "Baldy" Smith, both officers being at that time members of the Light House Board.

Let us now turn to the Port Royal expedition, and subsequent events off Charleston, S. C., and note the working of our system of naval administration.

It is scarcely necessary to premise that, for the individual members of the naval administration of that day, I have always entertained the most profound respect. It is the system, only, to which reference is made. The individuals themselves, composing the naval administration, were gentlemen of exceptional ability. That very fact, indeed, makes the case against the system all the stronger.

In a former paper (Naval Administration II)* was mentioned the advisory board, known as the Committee of Conference. It was composed of Captain S. F. DuPont, Chairman; Major J. G. Barnard, U. S. Engineers, the military member; Prof. A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, the civil member; and Commander, the late Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, junior member and Secretary.

The province of the head of the Coast Survey was to furnish the topographical and hydrographical information necessary to the formation of plans of naval operations. These plans were very comprehensive. They embraced the whole of the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, including the Mississippi River, contemplating not only such operations as were necessary to make the blockade effective, but also operations of a purely military character.**

From this, it will be seen, that the Committee of Conference was of the nature of what we came to know later as a Strategy Board. Its labors were of great service in enabling the Department to take prompt measures for the occupation of portions of the Southern Coast. The capture of the forts at Hatteras Inlet was the first fruit of its labors. This was followed by the capture of Port Royal.

The Committee of Conference was born of the necessity of the times and to supply a radical defect in our naval organization. When that Committee was broken up, as it soon was, by the assignment of its members to other duties, there was no one left upon whom the duty could devolve, of directing naval operations. The outline of the naval campaign had been mapped out for the Department, as already explained; and the machinery set in motion. But such was the vast amount of labor imposed by the war, and the political conditions of the country, upon the exceptionally capable head of the Department, and his very able assistant, that they had not the time, amid their constant and exacting duties, to give to the study of some of the war problems presented for their consideration, and there was no office to repeat it once more, no Strategy Board, no General Staff, to which the Secretary of the Navy could submit such questions.

The choice of objective is one of the determining factors in war. In the present case this choice was left to Admiral DuPont; who, "after mature deliberation,"† selected Port Royal, as the objective of the fleet under his command.

It may be readily conceded that, under certain conditions, the choice of objective should be left to the officer responsible for the success of the campaign. Here, then, we may, without disparagement to the Navy Department, give Admiral DuPont the entire credit for a wise choice.

But subsequent operations (mainly in regard to Charleston) demonstrated, in a marked degree, the necessity of a Strategy Board, or, as we prefer now to call it, a General Staff, the members of which, unhampered by executive, or administrative, duties, or the distractions inseparable from a quasi civil office, could give their whole time and attention to the military questions incident to the campaign in progress, for the benefit of the Secretary of the Navy.

There were reasons, mostly sentimental, why it was desirable that Charleston should be captured. But, from a military point of view, the reduction and occupation of that city was not of sufficient importance to warrant a serious attempt in that direction. The government's policy was to keep only just enough troops in and about that district to occupy the attention of the Confederate authorities and prevent them from sending the troops for the defense of Charleston, to re-inforce the army under Lee.

But the Navy Department was not satisfied with this passive policy. It wanted a more aggressive course. It wanted Admiral DuPont to capture Charleston with his iron-clads, the monitors, under his command.

"There is no place that the American people would so delight to see captured as Charleston," wrote the Secretary of the Navy to Admiral DuPont under date of June 5th, 1862.

This opinion, well grounded no doubt, coupled with the fact that the confidence of the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Fox, in the monitor class of vessels was so profound as to lead him to say that "One monitor alone would cause the immediate evacuation of Charleston," forces upon one the conviction that, as a purely military question, the situation at Charleston was not understood by the Department.

On the 27th of Sept., 1862, Admiral DuPont left his station under orders for Washington, whither he was summoned for the purpose of conference.

He returned to his command Oct. 21st. About six months later, or on April 7th, 1863, Admiral DuPont with nine ironclads made a determined attack on the forts commanding the entrance to Charleston Harbor.

He met with a decided repulse. In his report of the action to the Department the Admiral wrote, "I determined not to renew the attack, for in my judgment it would have converted a failure into a disaster. I will only add that Charleston cannot be taken by a purely naval attack, and the army could give me no co-operation."

This wholly unlooked for result was a great disappointment to the Navy Department and gave rise to correspondence with Admiral DuPont in which both sides exhibited some little feeling.

The Admiral in his letter of June 3rd, 1863, wrote to the Department, "When I left Washington (referring to his visit in Oct., '62), there was really nothing matured, though I was firmly impressed with the fixed determination of the Department that Charleston should be attacked; and that, with the ironclads, the attack must be successful."

Again, after alluding to the defects of the monitors, especially to their want of offensive powers, Admiral DuPont adds, "these facts, however, seemed not to have changed the views of the Department, and, in accordance with its previous orders and its well known determination to effect the capture of Charleston, I determined to make the experiment, and to risk, and possibly to lose, whatever prestige pertained to a long and successful professional career, in order to meet the necessities of war and the wishes of the Department." He might have omitted the "necessities of war."

The Admiral felt that he was the victim of a false conception of the situation at Charleston, by the Department; and that his professional reputation was to be sacrificed to a defective system of naval administration. There was no staff attached to the Secretary's office to prevent placing Admiral DuPont and his command in the utterly false position of being called upon to solve an insoluble problem, viz., the capture of Charleston without adequate co-operation by the army.

The failure of the attack of the monitors on the forts did not make much impression on the Navy Department.

Admiral Dahlgren, immediately on his arrival as the successor of Admiral DuPont, July 4th, 1863, took up the same hopeless task.

A year had elapsed since the failure of the attack of the nine ironclads, when, on the 10th day of May, 1864, Admiral Dahlgren, called together the commanding officers of the Ironsides and the monitors to discuss the question of attacking Fort Sumter. I was one of those summoned, being then in command of the monitor Nantucket.

Those present were Commodore S. C. Rowan, commanding the New Ironsides; Commanders George H. Cooper, commanding monitor Sangamon, Napoleon B. Harrison, the Catskill; Lieut. Commander Edward Simpson, the Passaic; Lieut. Commander S. B. Luce, the Nantucket; Lieut. Commander Wm. Gibson, the Lehigh; Lieut. Commander John L. Davis, the Montauk; Lieut. Commander L. C. Miller, temporarily in command of Nahant, and Lieut. Commander Joseph M. Bradford, Aid to Admiral Dahlgren. The question was as to the advisability of attacking Sumter "seriously, in order to lessen its offensive and defensive power," etc., etc.

Lieut. Commanders Bradford, Simpson, Gibson and I voted for attacking.

Commodore Rowan, also, with certain qualifications; the others were strongly opposed to attacking.

May 12th another meeting of monitor captains was called. A full discussion now took place. The question had been carefully thought over and discussed among ourselves since the first meeting and was now thoroughly threshed out with the result of a modification of views on the part of some of those present. I, for one, saw reason for changing my opinion. When the question was put once more: "Is it advisable to attack Sumter and reduce its powers offensive and defensive, with the present force of seven monitors and the Ironsides, having reference to all questions involved?" the vote stood—No: S. C. Rowan, Captain Joseph Green (who was to have the Nahant), George H. Cooper, Harrison (Napoleon B.), Gibson, Luce, Davis (seven). Yes: Simpson, Bradford (two). While operations of some sort seemed advisable, the object to be gained by attacking Sumter was not quite clear. To me, individually, we were groping in the dark; and, the other members of the council impressed me as being in pretty much the same state of mental obscurity. There was no one present who seemed to understand the problem to be solved and able to state it in concise terms.

The line of attack on Charleston, was, according to our military authorities, by way of James Island. But as it required a force of about 40,000 men the attempt was not approved of in Washington.

Charleston was considered as a minor objective, and the troops could not be spared from the more important operations elsewhere. A military force was maintained there, by us, barely sufficient to occupy the attention of the Confederate authorities and prevent them from sending troops from South Carolina to re-inforce Lee in Virginia, as already stated.

Under the existing conditions the Navy could not look to the Army for adequate co-operation. The question, then, resolved itself into the simple one of taking Charleston by the monitors alone.

The Navy Department, as it has been shown, thought this could be done. The Monitor and Merrimac fight had given an exaggerated idea of the military value of that class of vessel. And the capture of Port Royal, by the fleet under Admiral DuPont, had blinded the Department as to the conditions at Charleston. The two cases were entirely dissimilar. Here was the Department's mistake.

To resume:—From the Nantucket I was transferred to the command of the Pontiac, and on the 5th of January, 1865, was ordered to report to General Sherman, then in Savannah, for duty in Savannah river in connection with the army.

On reporting at headquarters General Sherman indicated in a few short pithy sentences, and by the aid of a map, his plan of campaign from Savannah to the North. General Slocum, commanding the left wing of the army, was to move up to Sisters' Ferry, about forty miles above the city, and cross the Savannah river by means of a pontoon bridge into South Carolina. The object in having a gunboat (the Pontiac) was that it might go up the river above the Ferry in order to protect the pontoon bridge from molestation by the Confederates supposed to be in force somewhere in the direction of Augusta. "When I get on solid ground," he said (for all that part of the country was inundated), "somebody will have to get out of the way!" And he added in the pleasant style of banter, with which he was accustomed to talk to naval officers: "You navy fellows have been hammering away at Charleston for the past three years. But just wait till I get into South Carolina; I will cut her communications and Charleston will fall into your hands like a ripe pear." And that is just what actually came to pass.

After hearing General Sherman's clear exposition of the military situation the scales seemed to fall from my eyes. "Here," I said to myself, "is a soldier who knows his business!" It dawned upon me that there were certain fundamental principles underlying military operations which it were well to look into; principles of general application whether the operations were conducted on land or at sea.

Leaving Pocataligo, his army now well in hand, General Sherman marched on to Columbia and captured the city with little difficulty. This led to the immediate evacuation of Charleston, February 17th, 1865, or a little over three years after the capture of Port Royal.

A few weeks later I accompanied Admiral Dahlgren, by invitation, in a ramble about the deserted streets of Charleston. On the 14th of April I was in Fort Sumter and witnessed the hoisting of the flag by General Anderson, and heard the oration delivered on that occasion by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Charleston and the forts were ours at last: but not through the efforts of the monitors.

Charleston fell into our hands just as General Sherman said it would by severing her communications.

There was, then I learned, such a thing as a military problem and there was a way of solving it, or, what is equally important, a way of determining whether, or not, it was susceptible of solution.

In the case of the reduction of Charleston it appeared that there were three methods proposed:

1st. General Sherman's plan, which was eminently successful.

2nd. The movement by way of James Island, and the co-operation of the land and naval forces. This was entirely practicable with adequate support of troops:—and

3rd. The Navy Department's plan, or, to be more exact, the Navy Department's view, which was to capture Charleston by the monitors alone, without the co-operation of the army. This was wholly impracticable.

The lessons to be drawn from this experience are that the Secretary of the Navy should have, if only in justice to himself, a staff of naval experts to lean upon; that this staff should be attached to, and made part of, his office, and be under his immediate supervision; and that the members of this staff should be prepared for staff duty by a special course of study.

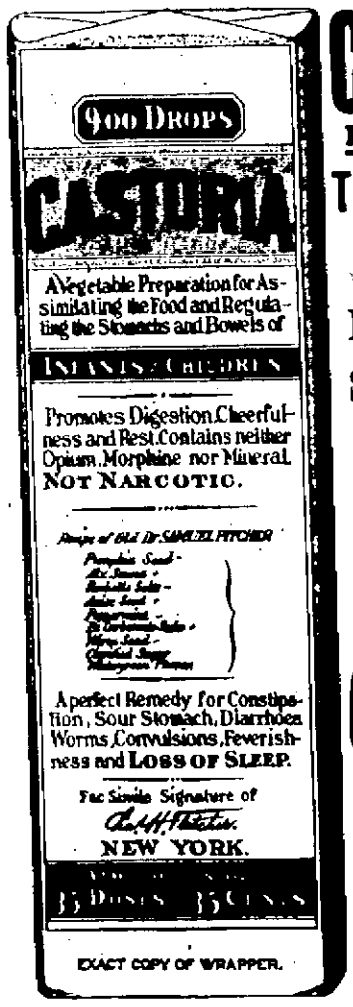
In other words the Civil War demonstrated conclusively the necessity of a War College and of a General Staff. We have the one; let us now have the other without more ado.

*Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute, Vol. XXVIII.

**Life of Charles Henry Davis, Rear Admiral, by his son, Captain Charles H. Davis, U. S. N.

†Report of Flag Officer Dupont. Rebellion Records, Vol. 12, Page 250.

It takes a man with a wonderful self-control to look sad in a poker game when he knows he can't possibly lose.



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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

NOTES.

NOTES ON DOROTHY STANTON,

BY RICHARD A. WHEELER,
of Stonington, Conn.

"An article written by Edward Doubleday Harris, showing a great research and ability, appeared in the New England Genealogical and Historical Register, vol. 18, pp. 421-3, relative to the personal history of Dorothy Stanton, of Stonington, Conn., daughter of Thomas Stanton, Jr., and his wife, Sarah Denison, daughter of Capt. George Denison, by his first wife, Bridget Thompson. The early life of this Dorothy Stanton was devoted to her father's family, to assist him in his mercantile and commercial business, at the Stanton trading house, so called, in Stonington, near Pawcatuck Neck, on the west side of Pawcatuck river, at that time the only commercial place in the region roundabout; the business of and from which extended from Boston to the West Indies. While so engaged Dorothy Stanton became acquainted with Nicholas Lynde, who generally acted as super-cargo of a vessel trading along our New England Coast; which business frequently compelled him to call at the Stanton trading house, to deliver and receive dry goods and such commodities as were exchanged. Mr. Lynde's calls at the trading house were mutually enjoyed by him and Miss Stanton, and finally resulted in their marriage, May 9, 1696. By this union were two children, Sarah Lynde, born Feb. 20, 1699-1700, and Joseph Lynde, born Jan. 1, 1702-3.

Nicholas Lynde, while on a voyage to the West Indies, died at Jamaica in October, 1703. After his death the two children were adopted by Col. Joseph Lynde, their grandfather, and with their mother, went to live with him, where the widow resided until she married John Peirce, Jan. 22, 1707-8. This John Peirce was a widower at the time of his marriage, some fifty years older than Dorothy Lynde, which caused it to be said in the Register, Vol. 46, p. 174, that it was John Peirce, Jr., who married Mrs Dorothy Lynde, Jan. 22, 1708; but Wyman's History of Charlestown, Mass., Vol. 2, p. 452, says that it was John Peirce, Sr. Mr. Wyman also says that John Peirce, Jr., was living in 1722, when June 29, he joined with his sister Hannah Austin, in the conveyance of real estate. No wife joined in the deed.

There are no records of the death of John Peirce, Sr., to be found, but there are traces of Dorothy Pierce after his death, which appear in the New London County Probate records, and the Montville Church records, clearly establishing the fact that Mrs. Dorothy Peirce became the wife of two more husbands, after the decease of John Peirce, Sr., viz; Samuel Frink, of Stonington, and her first cousin, Robert Denison, of Montville, Conn. There are no known records of either of these last marriages, but there is convincing proof. The author of the Stanton genealogy states that John Peirce, Sr., died soon after his marriage with the widow of Nicholas Lynde. The Denison genealogy fails to give a correct account of the life of Dorothy Stanton; nor was her history after marriage with John Peirce known with certainty until the records and files of the New London County Probate records, or so many of them as escaped the burning of New London by the infamous Arnold Sept. 6, 1781, were thoroughly examined, arranged and indexed. The Hon. Alfred Colt, present Judge of the New London Probate Court, has furnished by his official hand the following from these recently discovered records:—

Administration was granted to the Dorothy Frink, widow of Samuel Frink of Stonington, October 13, 1703, who gave bonds for $1500, with her late husband's brother, John Frink, and her own brother William Stanton as sureties on her bond. The Stonington, Conn., records of births, marriages and deaths show that Samuel Frink, Sr., of Stonington, Conn., died Oct. 12, 1713. The law and practice in the old County Probate Courts in Connecticut required the administrators of all intestates, at the time of their appointment as such, to furnish the Court with a list of the decedent's children and their ages; which she did as follows:

Children of Samuel Frink:
Samuel Frink, Jr., aged 21 years,
Grace Frink, aged 18 years.
James Frink, aged 17 years.
Hannah Frink, aged 15 years.
Jedediah Frink, aged 12 years.
Jerusha Frink, aged 10 years.
Elias Frink, aged 8 years.
Abigail Frink, aged 6 years.
William Frink, aged 2 years.

Nine of these children were by Samuel Frink's first wife Hannah (Miner) Frink, and the tenth child by his second wife, Mrs. Dorothy (Stanton, Lynde, Peirce) Frink.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

4184. LINDSAY. BOSWORTH—Who was Mrs. Elizabeth Lindsay, "widow of Christopher Lindsay, of Newport," who was married to Nathaniel Bosworth (Bellamy, Nathaniel) of Bristol, about 1725 or 5? Obadiah, Lydia and Peleg were names of her children that are not found among the names of the early Bosworth families. The ancestry of Mrs. Elizabeth and of her first husband, Christopher Lindsay, is greatly desired. —G. G.

4185. TUCKER—Can any one give me information as to Jabez Tucker, who purchased land in Westerly, R. I., in 1707, and his estate was inventoried in 1724?—J. W. P.

4186. LANGWORTHY—Who were the Andrew and John J. Langworthy, whose names are on a list of people unable to pay taxes in 1784, in Newport, R. I.?—J. L.

4187. OLIVER—Who were the parents of Capt. Robert Oliver, of Newport, R. I., whose estate was administered upon Dec. 5, 1743?—D. F.

4188. JAMES—Who were the parents of William and Joseph James, who were living in Newport, R. I., in 1740? —S. E. E.

4189. WADY—Who was —— Wady, who married Mary Claggett, daughter of William, of Newport, R. I., before 1748?—W. R.

4190. BENSON—Who were the parents of Anna, wife of John Benson, of Newport, R. I., who died in 1722?—P. C.

4191. GARDNER—Who were the ancestors of Jeremiah Gardner and his wife, Grace ——? They had the following children:
1. Elizabeth, born Nov. 26, 1714; married John Cottrell.
2. Freelove, born Feb. 28, 1716.
3. Jeremiah, born Jan. 28, 1719.
4. Phebe, born Oct. 26, 1722; married Samuel Browning, Jr.
5. Sarah, born April 6, 1725; married Simeon Babcock.
6. Doreas, born Dec. 28, 1731.
7. Abigail, born June 23, 1731; married Samuel Cottrell.
8. Desire, born Nov. 6, 1734; married Elisha Clark.
9. Penelope, born Nov. 11, 1737; married William Hiscox, Jr., of Westerly, R. I.
10. Probably a son, born June 9, 174-. He died in 1775, and his widow in 1776.—J. B.

4192. GREENE—Who was Mary, wife of Charles Greene, of Warwick and Coventry, R. I.? He was born July 28, 1729, and died before 1762.—S. G.

4193. HUTCHINSON—Whom did Elisha Hutchinson, son of Elisha, of Boston, Mass., marry? He was born March 16, 1668.—T. C.

4194. COLE—Who were the parents of William Cole, born in North Kingstown, R. I., Sept. 27, 1780, died 1842. —W. G. C.

4195. DROWNE—Who were the ancestors of William Drowne, born, probably, in Providence, R. I., Oct. 26, 1798, died in Foster, R. I., June 15, 1874.—F. D.

4196. MOSS—Who were the parents of John Moss, who married 1715 Mary Pearce of North Kingstown, R. I.? —B. R.

4197. HASKELL—Who were the parents of Joseph Haskell, who married Bethiah Hammond, of Rochester? She died March 17, 1757.—R. M. L.

4198. BARKER—Stephen Barker, of Middletown, R. I., married Martha Peckham, daughter of Joshua. Can any one give me a list of their children? —R. I. C.

4199. GREEN—Wanted. The ancestry of Rachel Green, born in Rhode Island, (name of town unknown to writer) Feb. 11, 1737, died Amenia, N. Y., March 29, 1806, m. May 8, 1759, Louis de la Vergne, of Amenia, Dutchess Co., New York.—J. LeB. W.

ANSWERS.

4190. WEAVER—Thomas[1] Weaver was born in East Greenwich, R. I., July 12, 1708, was a cooper by trade, moved to Newport.

William[2] Weaver, East Greenwich, married Dec. 17, 1693, Elizabeth Harris. Children.
William, born Sept. 19, 1695.
Clement, born Oct. 29, 1696.
Joseph, born April 2, 1698.
Thomas[1] born April 11, 1700, died soon after.
John, born Nov. 24, 1701.
Alice, born Nov. 1, 1703.
Thomas, born Jan. 12, 1708.
Benfain, born June 16, 1710.
Harris, born Nov. 3, 1712.

Captain Clement[3] Weaver, of Newport, R. I., and East Greenwich, married first, ——. Children, Clement and William. Married second, Rachel Audrews, of Newport. Children, Juda, Joseph, Benfaunis and Rachel.

Sergeant Clement[3] Weaver was born in England. Married Mary Freeborn, daughter of William and Mary. Children, Clement[4], Elizabeth, William and John.

I should like to have a copy of the will of Sergeant Clement Weaver, made Nov. 4, 1680, proved 1683, witnesses William Hitchcock and Thomas Ward. A reference to this will in a list of seventeen wills from 1676 to 1695, that were presented to the court in 1700, by parties interested, the law requiring three witnesses, and these wills having but two.—W. J. W.

Middletown.

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church gave a most enjoyable lawn party on the grounds of Mr. William J. Peckham on Green End avenue, upon the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Sept. 1. Fancy articles, home-made candies, ice cream, cake and lemonade were on sale, the tables being placed beneath the trees upon the lawn. Chairs, hammocks and swings were placed invitingly about and the piazza was most attractive. About 200 were present and the affair was a complete success financially and in every way. A drag from Newport brought out a delegation from the League of the First Church. Music was furnished by Miss Sadie I. Peckham.

Mr. Ira Wilbur, who for the past two summers has had a shore cottage on Indian avenue, near the Berkeley Chapel, gave another of his fine clambakes there Wednesday. 60 guests were present, mostly from Newport, being met at the electrics by carriages. Light refreshments were also served towards evening and a most delightful day was spent along shore and beneath the shade of the trees.

Portsmouth.

Owing to the cold and inclement weather of the past week closed cars were in use on the Island road.

Mr. P. F. Collier will donate to the school libraries of Portsmouth and Middletown 2,500 volumes. Mrs. William R. Hunter will have charge of the distribution of the books, and she hopes to complete the task before Sept. 8, the date of the opening of the schools.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goodspeed of Charlestown, Mass., who have been visiting Mrs. Nicholas Alger, have returned to their home.

Cold Facts.

A refrigerator is the most important piece of furniture in your house during the summer months. Your appetite, your health, your comfort, all depend on it. Try doing without one a few hot days, if you don't think it; soft butter, soft fruit, turned milk and the like don't sound very good do they? Get

THE BEST REFRIGERATOR THAT'S MADE.

Everybody has the best? Just stop up your ears, then go around and study each one carefully. Oh! If you'll do that every household would have one.

The Ranney.

The stock that's used, the way it's put together, its convenience for keeping sweet and clean, its manner of protecting the ice from the heat each help bring about this grand result—'twill keep a 10-cent piece of ice 90 hours and keep the air in the food chamber so dry that even sulphur matches can find no moisture.

Will any other make do the same? Not much. Family size $11.50.

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338-339 Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.

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8-29

Washington County Fair.

The arrangements for a big fair on the grounds of the Washington County Agricultural Society at Kingston station are now nearly complete. The exhibition, it is expected, will surpass all others ever held by this society. The grange day speakers have been announced for the second day of the fair and they will be Hon. E. D. Howe of Marlboro, Mass., and Mrs. B. B. Lord of New York. Governor's day comes on Thursday when Governor Garvin and full staff are expected to be present in all their glory. Hon. R. G. Hazard, president of the society, will deliver the annual address and addresses are to be made by Governor Garvin, President Faunce of Brown University and President Butterfield of the Rhode Island College. The last day is to be children's day when a special programme for children is being arranged. A good card of races is looked for, the entries being very large and of well-known horses. If a person cannot get all the amusement he wants on these grounds for one or two days he must be hard to please.

A Disagreeable Sunday.

Newport resumed its quiet and peaceful appearance on Sunday, there being few excursionists in the city, owing to the cold and disagreeable weather that had prevailed for several days. The New York excursion was omitted and the Mt. Hope brought about 273 passengers from Providence. She did not attempt a trip outside, on account of the heavy sea. The Richard Durfee arrived from Fall River, with a very few passengers on board.

The New Shoreham arrived from Providence and brought over 100 passengers. Despite the heavy sea that was raging, she proceeded to Block Island, and on her return trip brought about 300 passengers, who were delighted to get away even at the risk of being seasick.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports that during the month of August 337 inspections were made, divided as follows:

Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were found, 130; vaults found clean, 11; half full or less, 66; full or overflowing, 31; grease traps and drains stopped up, 3; defective plumbing: no ventilation to water closets, 3; waste pipe stopped up, 1; condemned vaults filled by owners, 8; condemned vaults, closets in and vaults not filled, 4; condemned vaults where nothing had been done, 9; condemned vaults, plumbers at work, 5; condemned well, nothing done, 1; dirty cellars, 1; dirty yards, 2; foul odor from dead cat in cellar, 1; foul odor from soap grease, 1; foul odor from gravel catchers, 2; throwing slops in yard, 1; filth and rubbish left by a former tenant in house, 1; nuisance from slops from lunch wagon, 2; defective gravel catcher leaking into a cellar, 1; no vent to sink waste, 1; nuisance from washing carriages, 1; inspection of houses where diphtheria was reported, 4; throwing chamber slops in sink, 1; stables found clean, 33; no cause for complaint, 3; not classified, 11; swill complaints, 1; dead cats removed, 1; condemned privies placarded, 1. One sample of water sent to State Board of Health.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

CITY OF NEWPORT,
Office of the Collector of Taxes,
Newport, R.I. September 5, 1903.

BY VIRTUE of a warrant issued by the City Treasurer of the said City of Newport dated May 6, 1901, and of a warrant dated May 21, 1902, directed to the undersigned as Collector of Taxes of said city, and commanding him as such collector, to proceed and collect the taxes assessed heretofore, to wit: on February 26, 1901, and on February 28, 1902, on the inhabitants of said city and the ratable property therein; and of every power vested in me, as said Collector of Taxes:

Inasmuch as the Taxes assessed as aforesaid within the period aforesaid on the real estate hereinafter described and on the owners thereof for and on account of the same have not been paid and said real estate is liable for the payment of said Taxes:

I, E. W. Highee, as said Collector of Taxes, by virtue of the warrants issued to me as the Collector of Taxes for the before named year or years, by the aforesaid City Treasurer commanding me to proceed and collect the unpaid taxes for the year 1901 and the year 1902, for the purpose of collecting out of said real estate the whole of said taxes assessed thereon and on its owners as aforesaid, have made a levy on said real estate, the same being a parcel of land in said Newport with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereof taxed in the name of Nebraska B. and Nevada B. Tilley, and bounded and described as follows:

Northerly, on Vernon avenue, 50 feet; Easterly, on land of Clark Burdick, 77 feet and 9½ inches; Southerly, on other land of grantor, 50 feet, and Westerly, on a street or way forty feet wide, 73 feet and 2 inches, be the same more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described. And by authority of a resolution passed by the City Council of this City, September 1, 1903, and under the directions of said City Council, will sell the whole of said real estate, to pay said tax or taxes of said Nebraska B. and Nevada B. Tilley, or owners thereof, with interest, penalties, costs and expenses, at public auction, to the highest bidder upon or at said real estate, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The amounts of principal money of said taxes now due for the year 1901 is $101.20 and for the year 1902 is $26.50.

E. W. HIGHEE,
9-5-3w Collector of Taxes.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance Establishing Penalty for the Refusal to Pay Lawful Fare Established by Ordinance.

It is ordained by the City Council of the City of Newport as follows:

Section 1. Any person who refuses to pay for the use of any wagon, carriage or vehicle of any kind the lawful price or rate of fare as established by Ordinance in the City of Newport shall be fined not exceeding Twenty (20.00) DOLLARS, for each offence.

Section 2. This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed September 1, 1903.)

A true copy. Witness,
DAVID STEVENS,
9-5-3w City Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, June 19th, A. D. 1903.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 197, issued out of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the seventeenth day of June, A. D. 1903, and returnable to the said Court December 17th, A. D. 1903, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1901, in favor of The Pomeroy Coal Company, a corporation legally created and doing business in the City and County of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, and Hamilton A. Mott of New Shoreham, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiffs, and against Grafton N. Millikin of Jersey City, in the State of New Jersey, defendant, I have this day at 5 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Grafton N. Millikin, at the time of this levy, had in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in the Town of New Shoreham, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Southerly and Westerly, on a highway; Northerly and Westerly, on land of Nicholas Ball; Northerly and Easterly, on land of Nicholas Ball, and Southerly and Easterly, on land of Cassius C. Ball, being ninety feet square, being the same premises deeded to the within named defendant from Island Savings Bank, dated May the fifteenth, 1903,

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 24th day of September, A. D. 1903, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
8-29-4w Deputy Sheriff.

Newport Casino.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament

WILL COMMENCE

TUESDAY, August 18.

Play will be called each day at 10.30 a. m.

The principal matches will be played each day on championship court, in front of grand stand.

Grand stand season tickets for tennis tournament and horse show are now on sale at Casino office.

Rhode Island NORMAL SCHOOL.

FALL TERM begins MONDAY, Sept. 14, at 9 o'clock a. m. Examinations for admission will occur FRIDAY, Sept. 11, beginning at 9 a. m. For catalogue or other information apply to THOMAS B. STOCKWELL, Secretary of Trustees, Box 182, or, after Sept. 7, to CHARLES S. CHAPIN, Principal, Box 871, Providence. 8-29-3w

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice that by the will of their father, NOEL COGGESHALL, late of Middletown, R. I., deceased, they are appointed the Executors thereof; that said will has been proved, approved, allowed and passed for record by the Court of Probate of said Middletown; that they have been granted letters testamentary on the estate of said Noel Coggeshall by said Court of Probate and are now duly qualified to act as the Executors of his said will. All persons having claims against the estate of said Noel Coggeshall, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.

JOSEPH R. COGGESHALL,
WILLIAM S. COGGESHALL,
Executors.

Middletown, R. I., August 22, 1903.

Turkish Baths.

When in Providence don't forget to try one of

"JOE HEATON'S"

TURKISH BATHS.

Massage and Electricity, Large Swimming Pool, Private Sleeping Rooms.

THE BEST THE CITY AFFORDS.

Whiteley & Heaton,

56 Aborn Street, Providence, R. I.

THOMAS WHITELEY. JOSEPH HEATON.
2-23-6m

Teachers' Certificates

EXAMINATIONS for Third and Fourth Grade Certificates only, at the Normal School, Providence, Friday and Saturday, September 18 and 19, 1903.

FRIDAY, 9:30 a. m. Methods, Management, School Law.

SATURDAY, 9 a. m. All other required subjects.

Fourth Grade Certificates and Third Grade Certificates

FOR EVENING SCHOOLS ONLY,

do not require subjects given on Friday.

Notice of intention to take the examinations should be sent to the Commissioner of Public Schools on or before September 15th.

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,
9-5-2w Commissioner of Public Schools.

For Sale.

FIFTY FOOT GASOLENE LAUNCH, 11 foot beam, fitted with Standard motor. Speed 11½ miles. Has convenient cabin and toilet room forward. Cock-pit very large and comfortable. Boat in first class condition throughout and ready for immediate delivery. For price and further particulars address HERRESHOFF MFG. CO., Bristol, R. I., where launch can be seen and tried.
9-5

WASHINGTON COUNTY

FAIR.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL FAIR,

West Kingston, R. I.

The ONLY FAIR in the State.

Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11, 1903.

Each Department will be overflowing with Exhibits.

High-Class Vaudeville Entertainment EACH DAY,
Under the Direction of
GEO. S. FELL, of New York.

GRANGE DAY,
National Speakers,
WEDNESDAY, September 9th.

GOVERNOR'S DAY,
THURSDAY, September 10th,
Annual Address by
Pres. Rowland G. Hazard

CHILDREN'S DAY,
FRIDAY, September 11th.

All the Children in the State under 15 years admitted FREE.

Be sure and help the Children by your presence.

Fast Races.

1st Day—Colt Race and 2:40 Class.
2d Day—2:32 and 2:21 Classes.

Full Entries.

3d Day—2:25 and 2:50 Classes.
4th Day—2:37 and Free for All Classes.

JOHN A. ALLEN, Sec.
Peace Dale, R. I. 8-29-2w

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To FELIX OWENS and MARIA OWENS, husband and wife, and all other persons interested in the following described premises.

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Felix Owens and Maria Owens, husband and wife, both of Tiverton, in the County of Newport, R. I., to John W. Earle of Dighton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated February 8th, A. D. 1894, recorded in Tiverton, R. I. Deeds, Book 37, pages 515-519, and for breach of the conditions thereof and to foreclose said Mortgage, will be sold by public auction, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, September 8, 1903,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the lot described in said Mortgage Deed, bounded and described as follows:

Said lot is situated in the Town of Tiverton aforesaid, and is thus bounded:

Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the lot to be described, thence running westerly, 113 ft.; thence northerly, 40 62-100 ft.; thence easterly, 111 50-100 ft., to Shove Street; thence southerly, by said Shove Street, 00 537-1000 ft., to the point of beginning, containing 24 96-100 square rods of land, more or less. And being lot No. 17, in Section E, on a plan of land surveyed by Benjamin C. Borden for the Shove Mills, now on file in the Town Clerk's Office, for said Town of Tiverton, to which plan reference is hereby had for a full description of said premises.

Said premises will be sold subject to all taxes.

Terms at sale. JOHN W. EARLE,
8-15-3w Mortgagee.

State of Rhode Island.

STATEMENT

OF UNCLAIMED DEPOSITS in the Savings Bank of Newport, R. I., made to the State Auditor, June 30, 1903, pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 581 of the Public Laws, passed March 29, 1901, entitled "An Act in Amendment of Chapter 179 of the General Laws, 'Of Returns of Banks and Institutions for Savings.'"

NAME.	LAST KNOWN RESIDENCE OR P. O. ADDRESS.
Mary S. Dunn,	Newport, R. I.
John Read,	" "
Josephine Jackson,	" "
David Braman for heirs of Polly Austin,	" "
George Weaver,	" "
Adaline A. Read,	" "
Benjamin Hazard,	Jamestown, R. I.
James Hazard, Jr.,	Newport, R. I.
John Jose Sylvia,	" "
John Getz,	" "
Sarah E. Stoddard,	" "
Johan August Schmidt,	" "
Patrick Buckley,	" "
Thomas Devine,	" "
John H. Brown,	" "
Michael Ryan,	" "
Mary L. Sullivan,	" "
Eliza G. Manchester,	Portsmouth, R. I.
Elizabeth L. Anthony,	Newport, R. I., dec'd
Susannah B. Grinnell,	Fall River, Mass.
Mary E. Jones,	Newport, R. I.
Mumford P. Barker,	Middletown, R. I.
David H. Jackson,	Newport, R. I.
Henrietta A. Mars,	" "
John H. Guyser,	" "
Tamar Bennett,	" "
Ferdinand S. Read,	" "
George Hathaway,	Portsmouth, R. I.
Amanda B. Wilcox,	Exeter, R. I.
Josephine A. Barker,	Middletown, R. I.
William Edwards,	Newport, R. I.

G. P. TAYLOR,
7-25-6w Treasurer.

Interesting Books

THE RED TRIANGLE, by Arthur Morrison.
LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE, by Mary King Waddington.
THE ONE WOMAN, by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
THE CALL OF THE WILD, by Jack London.
THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR, (8th Impression), edited by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
THE BETTER WAY, by Charles Wagner.
THE SIMPLE LIFE, by Charles Wagner.

Carr's Bookstore,

Daily News Building. Tele. 681